



COMMENT OF
THE DAY

CURFEW LIMITED STAR FERRY SERVICES OPERATING

An indication that the situation in Kowloon was gradually becoming normal was given this morning when it was officially announced that the curfew had been lifted as from 10 o'clock for the Tsimshatsui area extending from the Star Ferry to Austin Road.

In that area residents can now move freely.

In all other areas where the curfew had been imposed, it will remain in operation for another 24 hours, the official announcement stated.

However, yesterday's zoning arrangements in which the curfew is temporarily lifted to enable people to do their shopping will continue today to be effective.

With the removal of the curfew from the Tsimshatsui district, a limited Star ferry service began at 10 a.m.

The Peak service, suspended yesterday, resumed at 7 o'clock this morning.

Suspects Taken To Camp

At about 4 o'clock this morning more than 300 riot suspects detained at Kowloon Police Headquarters were transferred to the Chatham Road Concentration Camp under heavy guard.

Shortly before sunrise large parties of troops and Police left Police Headquarters on mop-up operations.

An Auster spotter plane continued to make observations from the air early this morning.

Brigadier L. N. Cholmley, Commander Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison, who is in charge of Army operations, arrived at Police Headquarters at 9 a.m. to resume his day of work.

This morning, the Hon. C. B. Burrows, Acting Colonial Secretary, broadcast over the Radio Hongkong and Rediffusion, particularly to the people in Kowloon, assuring them of sufficient food supplies in Kowloon.

He asked the residents not to buy more food stocks, in particular rice, than they required for their normal day-to-day needs.

Mr. Burrows assured shopkeepers they would be able to replenish their stocks and he asked them not to prostate.

A China Mail reporter strolled in Tsimshatsui reported this morning that although many will find it difficult to give the same emphatic endorsement of the committee's proposals for financing of the Tourist Association, though it must be admitted a fairly good case has been made out for substantial assistance from public funds. Tourism undoubtedly contributes in no small measure to the Colony's prosperous economy, and as the industry expands, so also will it bring additional benefits to Hongkong. Nevertheless Government's hesitancy in accepting the financing recommendations as they now stand is understandable and their modification may be deemed advisable.

The curfew was not lifted until 10 a.m., there were many people on the streets before then. Large numbers gathered at the Star Ferry at 9 o'clock waiting for the service to be resumed. Many of them crossed the harbour by sampans or wili-wili boats at the Kowloon Public Pier.

People began to get on to the street shortly after 9 a.m. and gathered around the street corners, "to enjoy their coming liberation," as some of them expressed it.

The Chinese restaurants in Tsimshatsui area, especially those near the Star Ferry, opened for business at 9 a.m. and did a roaring trade.

The Tsimshatsui Market had its usual Saturday atmosphere with customers roaming around.

Fish was on sale but there was practically no meat.

Party Cancelled

The cocktail party aboard HMS Newcastle, arranged for this evening, has been cancelled.

STOP PRESS

6-MIN FERRY SERVICE

The first Star Ferry left the Kowloon pier at 10 a.m. with a full load of passengers. Since then, a regular service at six-minute interval has been maintained.

Going Home?
If so, it's ECONOMICAL to make your Kenwood purchase here.

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Cheering Suez Canal News: Britain, France, Egypt Reach An Agreement

United Nations, Oct. 12. Foreign Ministers of Britain, France and Egypt have agreed on a set of six principles for future negotiations on the Suez Canal crisis, an authoritative source said today.

British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau and Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi went into another secret session this afternoon to draft an official form of the agreement. They were scheduled to put it before a closed session of the United Nations Security Council at 9 p.m. GMT.

It was not immediately learned whether nego-

tiations would continue on the Foreign Ministers' level or be left to ambassadors of the three governments. Neither was it known whether Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold, who has sat in the six secret sessions of the three ministers, would continue to play a role.

The source said that the agreed principles generally followed the basic principles approved by the London conference.

It was not certain, however, whether the Anglo-French insistence on internation-

alisation of the Canal was included.

Generally, it was understood, negotiation toward a settlement would be based on the questions of freedom of navigation through the Canal for all nations, payment of tolls to Egypt and "insulation" of the waterway from the politics of any country.

The last principle was the one emphasised by Mr. John Foster Dulles in expounding the American aim for achieving a "basis for negotiations" in the present UN Suez discussions. — United Press.

TAKES OFF IN HELICOPTER FROM HKCC GROUND

Rear-Admiral D. H. Harris, Flag Officer Commanding Her Majesty's Australian Fleet, boarded his flagship, the aircraft carrier Melbourne by helicopter which flew him from the Cricket Club around shortly after 7 this morning.

The Admiral arrived here by air yesterday. The Australian aircraft carriers Melbourne and Sydney entered port this morning in the company of HMS Newcastle and HMAS Quadrant.

British Families To Return To Egypt

Cairo, Oct. 12.

Some 900 wives and children of Britons employed in the Suez Canal zone are to return to Egypt after 10 weeks "exile" in Britain because of the Suez crisis, it was learned in Cairo today.

A first contingent of families will arrive in the Egyptian capital by air on Monday next, to be followed eventually by the remainder of the 900.

Egyptian newspapers today described the mass return as an evident sign of relaxation in the Suez crisis.

The Egyptian Government, meanwhile, announced today that Egyptians will be able to resume or embark upon studies at British and French universities. The decision to remove a ban levied earlier during the Suez crisis followed the settlement of the question of transfer of funds to Egypt's cultural missions in France and Britain. — France-Presse.

IKE'S ORDER

Washington, Oct. 12. President Eisenhower today ordered plans drafted for possible construction of a new oil tanker fleet in case of emergency arising from the Suez Canal crisis. — Reuter.

Peru, Indiana, Oct. 12. Sharon Kay Wilson, 16, of Twelve Mile, Indiana, was recently recovering satisfactorily at Dukes Memorial Hospital from an attack by a large black bear and a young lion.

Sharon was thrown to the ground yesterday when she reached out of a cage and grabbed her pony tail at a small zoo operated by her grandfather, Jack Stuber, 10 miles northwest of here.

The bear clawed her face and bit off her left thumb before help arrived. When she was on the ground a lion reached out through the bars of another cage and clawed her legs. — United Press.

Tories Want Death Penalty Retained

Llandudno, Oct. 12. The Conservative Party at its annual conference here today overwhelmingly voted in favour of the retention of the death penalty for murder.

Its decision was in direct conflict with the verdict of the House of Commons which recently approved a bill supported by some Conservative members to abolish hanging.

A resolution endorsed by the conference after a noisy debate called for the death penalty to stay but asked that murder laws should be amended.

Earlier the 4,000 Conservative representatives at the conference heard a bright report of Britain's economy from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Harold Macmillan. He told them: "After the United States we are the richest country in the world."

"There is nothing to be downhearted about so long as we are sensible. We are more prosperous than ever in our history." — Reuter.

British Request

United Nations, Oct. 12. Britain today asked the United Nations to discuss the support which it said Greece has given to Cyprus terrorists. The British delegation requested that the question be placed on the agenda of the General Assembly session which meets here next month. — France-Presse.

TATIANA AND HER FATHER TAKEN OFF SOVIET SHIP

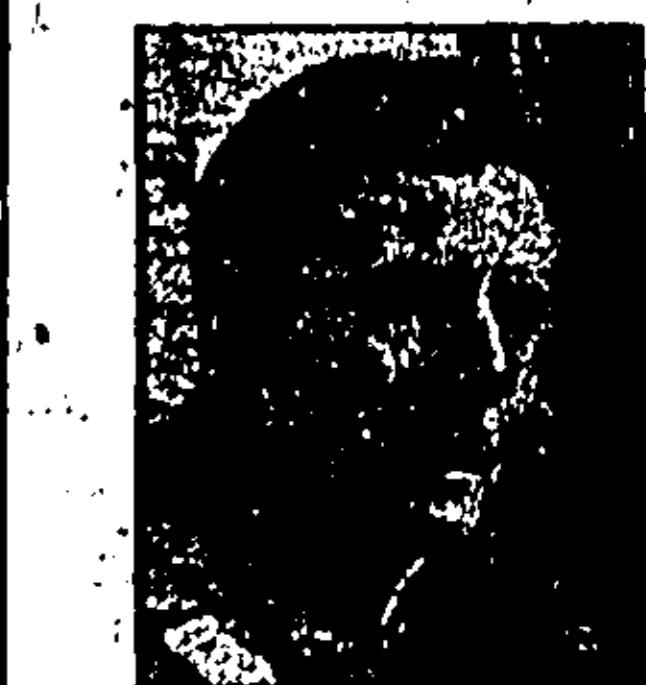
London, Oct. 12. American-born Tatiana Chwostov, two and a half years old, and her father, Alexis Chwostov, who had embarked aboard the Soviet vessel Vyacheslav Molotov on the last lap of their trip to the Soviet Union from the United States, disembarked just before the vessel was due to sail from the port of London tonight.

Chwostov, who had originally been a Russian refugee, had crossed the Atlantic aboard the Queen Mary. He took his daughter with him despite protest by his ex-wife, which had resulted in a search of the Cunard liner in New York by the American immigration authorities.

The Soviet Charge d'Affaires subsequently requested Chwostov not to take Tatiana away from Britain for the time being. The Vyacheslav Molotov left London late today for Leningrad with Soviety woman discus thrower, Nina Ponomareva aboard.

The Russian champion was convicted of the theft of five hats from a London department store, but was discharged on payment of court costs. — France-Presse.

PETER TOWNSEND
writes for
the China Mail



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• It begins exclusively

in Tuesday's

CHINA MAIL



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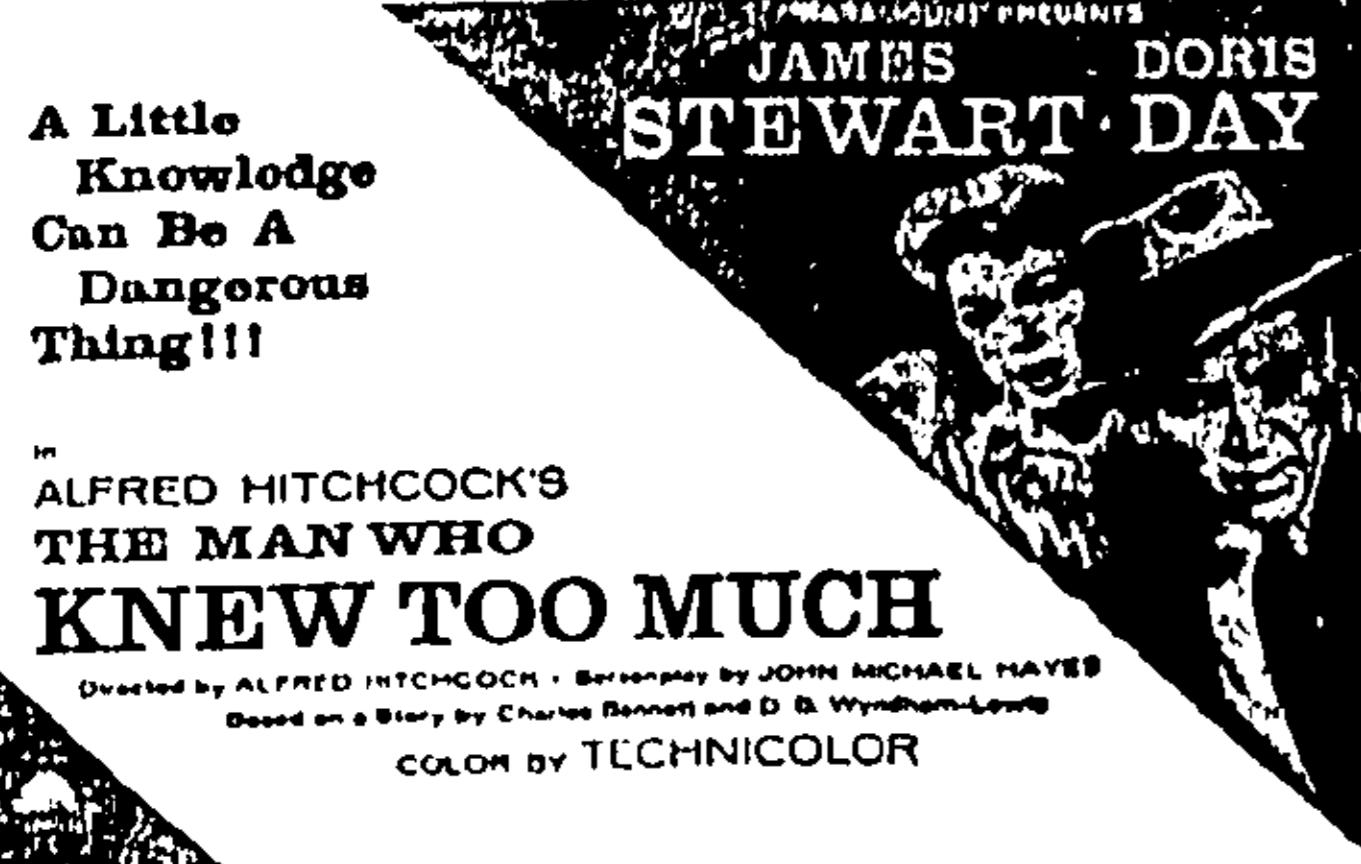
5 SHOWS TOMORROW
"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 12.20 P.M.

KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.
(Please Note Special Times)

SHOWING TO-DAY

"Exciting . . . Fascinating Entertainment!" — Red Book



Hear DORIS DAY Sing:
"WHATEVER WILL BE" & "WE'LL LOVE AGAIN"

MORNING SHOWS TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.15 a.m.
Latest M-G-M
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
Warner's
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

HOOVER : LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60146, 60246

TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

FIRST MATINEE HOOVER at 11.30 a.m.
LIBERTY at 12.00 noon

**The
"LONG LANE"**

1st Chinese Picture to Win An International Award.

The Picture That's Themed on A Corrupt Chinese Saying.

"THE LONG LANE", which won the award for the best screenplay in the recent 3rd Annual Film Festival of Southeast Asia, will open in the Hoover and Liberty Theatres at the end of this month.

It will be shown with English subtitles.

It is a high-tension drama themed on the age-old, but now

The Management,
The Asia Pictures Ltd.



FIIMS

Wedding Party

Bette Davis has called herself a "transference artist" as opposed to those American screen players who rely for their popularity on looks or personality alone.

She has gone on to explain that a "transference artist" is one who can completely submerge her own character in that of the person she is playing. This allows a good example of the species an indefinite lifetime before the cameras. Instead of the fleeting few years possible to those who rely solely on appearance.

In "Wedding Party" she has certainly proved her point. There is no attempt made to hide under Vick-like corsets her spreading figure—she has even allowed the harassed housewife of the role to extend to the fitting clothes and unflattering photography of her plump profile.

The picture is humourous, pathetic, honest, and if you don't mind the absence of glamour, very likable.

It is an ordinary enough story. Ernest Borgnine and Bette Davis are an average couple living in New York's Bronx. He is a taxi driver, she does her best to make his weekly wage stretch to cover the necessities of life. The daughter is a nice child who has opinionated raised the social status of the family by falling in love with a schoolmaster.

So far so good. Dissension in the family arises when daughter and boy friend decide that they don't want to wait any longer for the longed-for day, and will get married the very next Tuesday with no fuss, no frills and only the immediate family present.

From the audience.

Bette Davis's Picture

Father is pleased—less so, however, mother is dubious what will the neighbours say? and Uncle Jack Condon, looking like a mischievous "preacher" (as comes naturally to Barry Fitzgerald) reaches for his pipe, and prepares for the storm.

The neighbours, as confidently predicted, react according to the standards of gossip the world over and mother is very soon digging her toes in. Daughter Debbie Reynolds is going to have a wedding she can look back on all her life, with champagne, flowers, an enormous wedding cake and a white satin photograph album.

4 WONDERFUL STARS IN AN EXCITING SLICE OF LIFE!

H-O-M PRESENTS

"WEDDING PARTY"

BETTE DAVIS
ERNEST BORGNI
DEBBIE REYNOLDS
BARRY FITZGERALD

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

HOOVER at 11.30 a.m.
LIBERTY at 12.00 noon

**New Films
At
A Glance**

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Wedding Party"; A domestic crisis sensibly solved by Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine with help from Debbie Reynolds and Barry Fitzgerald.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Man Who Knew Too Much"; Alfred Hitchcock's thriller given a new look by James Stewart and Doris Day. **QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "Port Afrique"; Melodrama in Morocco. **ROXY and BROADWAY:** "The King and I"; The film version of the Broadway musical. Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Rita Moreno.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Gaby"; A Franco-American love affair in London, 1944. Leslie Caron, John Kerr, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. **KING'S and PRINCESS:** "The Way Out"; Drama. Gene Nelson, Mona Freeman. "The Creature Walks Among Us"; Horror film. Jeff Morrow. **QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:** "Odongo"; Wild beasts and savages in Kenya. Rhonda Fleming, Macdonald Carey. "Serenade"; Music. In Mexico. Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine, Sandra Monet, Vincent Price.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Josephine and Men"; British comedy—mainly recommended. Glynis Johns, Donald Sinden, Peter Finch, Jack Buchanan. "Pacific Destiny"; Incident based on Sir Arthur Grimble's book. "A Pattern of Islands"; Dennis Elliott, Sean Stephen, Pier Angeli, Phil Carey, Dennis Price.

It will be shown with English subtitles.

It is a high-tension drama themed on the age-old, but now

The Management,
The Asia Pictures Ltd.

Present

This Week's Films In Pictures



Ernest Borgnine discusses the expenses attendant on getting a daughter married in "Wedding Party".

The battle is on and the young Hank is carefully broken to her by her worried yet still irascible husband who is very well done. In fact Mrs. Davis, though looking a little draggy, is consistently well throughout the film. She is given no more chance to do so than is James Stewart, but as he is the pawn in the game of politics that are behind the assassination attempt, his hysterics too is perhaps understandable.

In effect, this is not an important picture, dealing as it does with an isolated incident in the lives of members of a community who are used to dealing with each day's problems as they present themselves. But it does bring that excellent actress Bette Davis before us once again in yet another "different" role, and it keeps Ernest Borgnine before the cameras when he might otherwise have faded away after his tremendous success as Marty.

Above all it introduces a more mature Debbie Reynolds, the pony-tail-swinging little ingenue and substituted as a young actress who is tossing aside mere cuteness for a bravely trying.

The neighbours, as confidently predicted, react according to the standards of gossip the world over and mother is very soon digging her toes in. Daughter Debbie Reynolds is going to have a wedding she can look back on all her life, with champagne, flowers, an enormous wedding cake and a white satin photograph album.

It is in fact a remake by Alfred Hitchcock of his 1934 thriller of the same name. The original stars by the way were three bright ones in British pictures at that time—Leslie Banks, Edna Best and Nova Pilbeam—all three of whom have now vanished from the screen scene. However, as few people will be able to remember the earlier film, there is little point in comparing the present work with its predecessor.

As the title suggests, it concerns an innocent bystander who by accidentally learning too much about the criminal intentions of a third party becomes virtually involved in activities of far-reaching consequences.

James Stewart is this man. He, his wife and young son are on holiday in Marrakesh as the story opens. As a change from his successful practice as a doctor they have come to absorb the local colour and do all the things that tourists usually do. This gives Alfred Hitchcock plenty of opportunity to place us aboard his magic carpet and although I have never been to Marrakesh, he seems to have hit the exact note that would strike any tourist.

Son Kidnapped

He exploits the contrast between the ancient and the modern, lingers on the ridiculous things visitors on holiday buy and only convinces us that this is a place where the sudden death by knife of a Frenchman disguised as an Arab would be as normal to an inhabitant as it is shocking to an American accustomed to read of these things only in his Sunday newspaper.

Going to the help of the dying man, Dr. Stewart has a cryptic message delivered to him, that although superficially unintelligible, assumes important proportions when it is made clear to him, by the kidnapping of his young son, that it is not to be passed on to the authorities either French, or later on in London, where he has gone on a slender clue, British.

Doris Day's controlled hysteria

Dennis Price goes convincingly to sea as the absolute partner of Carty, but the main attraction of "Port Afrique" is Pier Angeli.

Delightful

Josephine and Men

I recommend this to anyone with a sense of the ridiculous admiration for Glynnis Johns and a penchant for British comedy.

It is a delightful film.

Uncle Charles is a debonair gentleman of independent means, eternally in flight from predatory females who think they are the answer to his colleague, aka, "Josephine and Men". It is his story, as related to the barman of the Parasite's Club. The receiver of Jack Buchanan's confidence is Victor Maude, one of the best of the up and coming character actors on the British screen.

Josephine's trouble is that she is a paradox. A deceptive mixture of innocence and guile, frankness and independence, she is, when we first meet her, engaged to wealthy, worldly Donald Sinden. Taken to visit his penurious author friend Peter Finch, Josephine's tender heart is immediately torn by his uncared-for appearance, the comical state of chaos in his rooms and his obvious need of her ministrations.

Not long afterwards there are hilarious scenes of wedding presents being returned, parents being soothed and a completely untroubled Josephine marrying friend Finch.

We next see them in apparent domestic bliss in a neat, bright cottage, obviously well endowed with the world's goods and with the whole of their life revolving around the husband's successful career as a writer.

Even More Laughs

Enter again Donald Sinden, no longer the wealthy busines-

man. He is on the run from the Police who seem to think that his partner's defection is something to do with him. Josephine is sunk. Here again is a male in search of her pity, help and understanding. She is moved when the cussed Peter Finch doesn't see why the almost convicted criminal should interfere with his now comfortable routine.

William Hartnell, another of my favourite character actors, shows round the cottage with Scotland Yard-like thoroughness and it looks as though Sinden is for goal, with Peter Finch in turn losing his wife to the now more eligible criminal.

The talented Boulting Brothers made this film, and while being lighter in subject than their "Private's Progress", the laughs come more often.

It is in fact a hotch-potch of murder, apparent betrayal, theme etc. in which Italian born Pier Angeli appears as a Spanish girl and sings for the first time on the screen.

Port Afrique

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QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Now—A Plan To Raise The Andrea Dorea

With A Gigantic String Of "Sausages"

AN Italian engineer is perfecting a model of a salvage invention, which if ever built to full size, will look like a gigantic string of sausages.

He is Angelo Antonaci, a salvage expert who recently declared that his idea will refloat the Andrea Doria at comparatively little cost and a minimum of human risk.

From all over the world ideas have been sent to government officials in Rome and the owners of the Andrea Doria which rank on July 23 after a collision with the Swedish liner "Stockholm."

Nearly all of them so far have been rejected as either too costly or impracticable. But two or three have aroused interest, and among them is the invention of the Parma engineer.

Close Secret

Antonaci first worked out his idea several years ago and in 1951 it was patented. He began to construct a working model a month ago immediately after the Italian Naval Engineer Inspector-General declared that any salvage idea carried out on a metal model of the sunken ship would get the widest possible attention.

Engineer Antonaci is announcing the project himself and until he demonstrates it next month in the Po River he is keeping several details of the invention a close secret.

However, what the engineer has disclosed apparently has impressed experts on the feasibility of refloating the Andrea Doria from the bottom of the Atlantic off Nantucket Island at a cost of about 1,100,000,000 lire (£887,000).

The cost of constructing the invention would be 600,000,000 lire (£320,000). The remaining 500,000,000 lire (£270,000) would be expense involved in the actual operation.

Antonaci maintains that his idea is economical because his invention could be used to salvage other wrecks.

The first move in Antonaci's salvaging system is to mark the sunken ship with buoys completely encircling the ship in its position as it rests on the ocean bed. Next a thick cable is laid down in a circle well beyond the buoys. The main cable

THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT

It is now possible for a scientifically trained person to spot the man who is going to have an accident before he has it, according to an industrial physician who has made himself an "accident engineer."

The World Is Growing Bigger

New York. A Hungarian scientist says the earth is neither shrinking nor staying the same.

According to the calculations of Dr. L. Egyed of the Geophysical Institute of Budapest, it is expanding.

Not at an enormous rate, which is well in view of his mathematical demonstration that the expanding has been going on for 500,000,000 years, or since the beginning of geological time.

The annual average of expansion, he calculated, is 0.01988 inches which is an extremely tiny amount.

But when you multiply that by 500,000,000 you get 8,200,000 feet or 1,553 miles.

His calculations were based upon this logic:

If the earth had been shrinking, the average depths of its oceans would have been increasing. This would have meant an ever-higher sea level which would mean that the areas of the continents covered by water would have been ever-increasing.

Two Plots

But if the earth had been staying more or less the same size, water-covered areas of continents would have remained more or less the same through geological time. Nothing could be simpler.

As Dr. Egyed expressed it: "We have only to establish the amount of the areas covered by sea water in different geological ages." So he assembled the accumulated measurements of the sciences of geology and geography which cover the various geological ages dating back 500,000,000 years.

He plotted these measurements mathematically—indeed, he made two plots, using two sets of measurements.

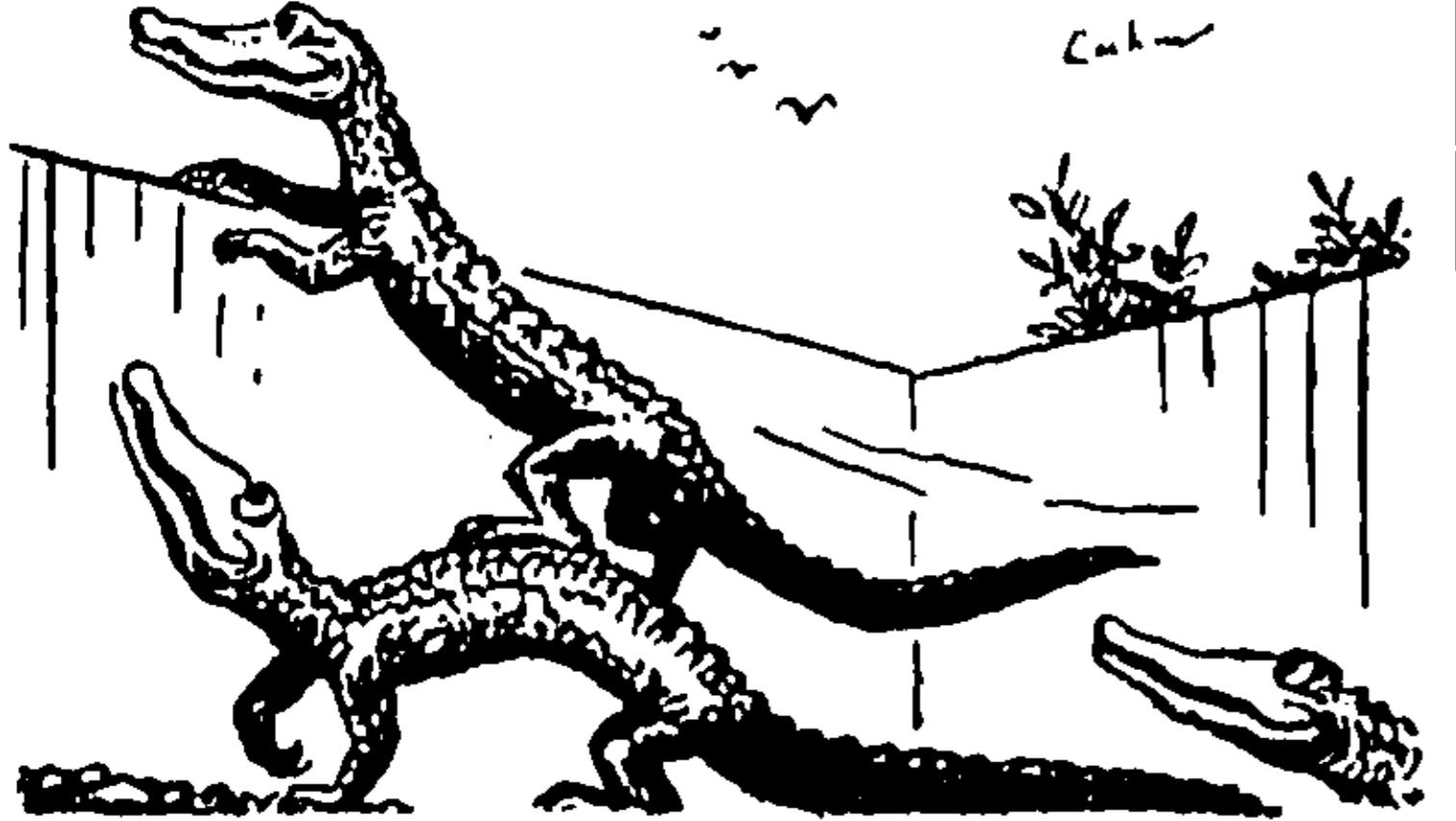
Both plots showed definite expansions of continents and definite decreases in water-covered areas.

One plot showed an average increase of 0.06 millimeters a year for 500,000,000 years, the other an average increase of 0.4 millimeters. Dr. Egyed averaged these at 0.5 millimeter or 0.01988 inch.

Dr. Egyed reporting these calculations to the International Scientific Technical Journal, "Nature," pointed out that geological observations have established quite clearly that the watery envelope of the earth has been increasing through geological time.

The increase has not been much, to be sure—only four per cent of the total volume in 500,000,000 years. But it was suggestive enough to rouse his scepticism toward the theory of a shrinking earth.—United Press.

LOVE WON'T LURE ALFRED BACK HOME



New York. Alfred the alligator was bored in his pool at an Oklahoma zoo.

So when low water prompted his mates to congregate at one end, he used their backs as a ladder and stepped out over a fence.

He has not been seen since.

"Tulsa Zoo has offered to send Alberta, a female alligator, to lure Alfred back, but Alfred would not be interested.

"It isn't the mating season," explained curator Bob Jenni.

Jet's Power—Not Enough For Miners

Blyth. A coal pit pony whose own private "go-slow" caused a human strike last week was now firmed out to other less competitive work.

"It is physically perfect, but he is temperamental and has a bad nature," head-stoker keeper Bill Patterson of the Crofton Mill Colliery confessed.

As a result, the six-year-old pony will no longer haul coal.

The pullers, men who drive the pit ponies, struck last week because of Jet. They said, he was feeding them money since they are paid by the number

of tubs of coal they haul to the pit shaft.

Nine hundred other miners struck in sympathy, and thousands of tons of coal were lost before Jet was put on a job where speed does not matter.

The men went back to work now.—United Press.

London. A Fulham man who wanted to sell a 1938 car advertised: "Offer beginning about 240 guineas per year, this may take time."—United Press.

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



GLAMOROUS British film star Diana Dors is giving up Hollywood, where she planned to settle for at least a year, just four months after going there. Diana said: "I'm homesick." Her husband, Dennis Hamilton, who returned to England earlier, is seen in the bedroom of their London flat talking by phone to Diana in Hollywood. (Express)



NEVILLE DUKE, 33-year-old ace test pilot of high-speed jets, took to the air again a few days ago and burst through the sound barrier on his first flight since being grounded four months ago with a slipped disc. He flew in a plaster jacket from chest to hips. (Express)



LEFT: Gordon Pirie, the famous runner, shown with his wife at London Airport before he left by air for Melbourne. He is to settle in New Zealand. He gave as his principal reason for leaving England for good the feeling that Britain is overburdened with taxation. (Express)



BELLOW: The Camberley Staff College and Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, one-day horse show. Picture shows the fire brigade race to put out flames during the Royal Horse Artillery riding display. This was one of the most popular of the comic turns. (Army News)



MORE rock 'n' roll disturbances. This time it is in Manchester, where teenage rioters fought an 18-minute battle with police outside the Safety Cinema. The mob shown here surging outside the theatre. (Express)



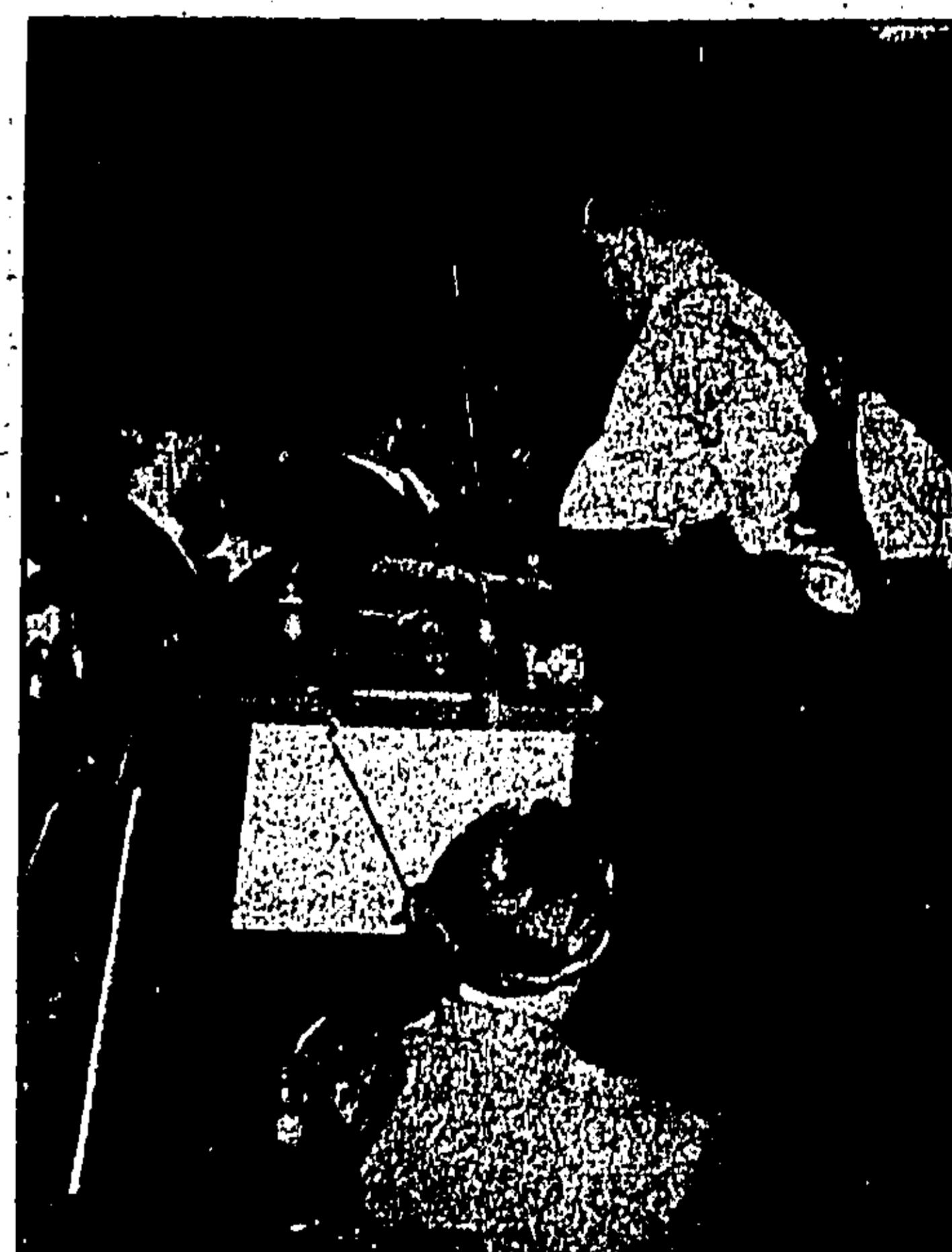
NINETEEN lovely girls, from 19 countries, rehearsing at the Lyceum Ballroom, London, for their appearance in the "Miss World" contest, the final of which will take place on Monday, October 15. Five other girls will compete. (Express)



HOW long is a dog lead—legally? That is a question on which keepers of Brunswick Park, Camberwell, and photographer Denis Noble disagree. The keepers said his lead—6 ft 6 in—is too long. (Express)



NOW that Seretse Khama has renounced the chieftainship of the Bamangwato tribe, he has been allowed to return home from his exile in England. He will leave for Africa, as soon as he finishes his Bar finals, with his family, including his English wife, Ruth, and their two children. (Express)



SOMETHING the audiences at the Bolshoi Ballet season at Covent Garden do not see. Russian conductor Yuri Fayer taking off his coat for a rehearsal inside the Theatre Royal. The rest of the orchestra are British. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



BIG THIRST COULD CURE A HUNGER FOR POWER

By JOHN SEWELL

SICK of all the row over Suez? So am I. Let us consider, instead, the great futures of Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika, once they are fully supplied with power and water.

Abutting on these British territories is the second largest lake in the world—Victoria Nyanza. You could sink the whole of Ireland into its 20,200 square miles. Water to spare for all three. Once it is put to use.

Are the British doing anything about it? Certainly. In the past two years irrigation engineers have surveyed all three territories. One report has been presented, two will be delivered within months. All are confidential.

But already from the Owen Falls scheme, where Victoria Nyanza spills over to the north, British-built dam will soon be providing 700 million units of electricity a year.

A GREAT JOB

New industries, new factories, hundreds of square miles of barren scrub converted into smiling productive fields... A great job is waiting to be done.

But there is a snag. And who do you think can stop it? Nasser.

By the side of the Owen Falls dam sits an Egyptian engineer. His job is to see how much water goes through the dam, and report if the flow is not sufficient. For this is where the White Nile begins, and it supplies Egypt with a large part of her water.

Britain is supposed to seek Egypt's permission to embark on any irrigation schemes which may decrease the flow from Lake Victoria.

The agreements were reached under conditions far removed from the present-day situation. There was then a great prospect that, through friendly co-operation, the nations would make the deserts fruitful and bring prosperity to the waste-lands.

Nasser has changed all that. He has pursued a policy of hate and enmity against his essential partner in the regulation of the Nile water.

BROKE PLEDGES

In the name of Egyptian sovereignty, he has broken his pledges and seized the Suez Canal, creating for himself a stranglehold on Britain's ailing commerce. His apologists in Britain say "Why not? The Suez Canal runs through Egyptian territory."

What if Britain were to say: "We need much more water for irrigation schemes in Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika. The headwaters of the Nile flow from our territory. In the name of British sovereignty we propose to use them as we see fit."

If Nasser eventually gets away with his grab, a time might come when Britain would have to consider a "suicide for the gender" policy of this kind.

Her present policy is far removed from anything so drastic. But it would do well to let the people of Egypt—and the rest of the world—know that the principle of squeeze—in the name of national sovereignty can work both ways.

(COPRIGHT)



WHY A MILLION ARAB REFUGEES WON'T BUDGE

A PICTURE of one million Arab refugees breeding like mice, living entirely on the charitable donations of Western countries, and refusing to work or to move, was painted by a refugee worker who has just arrived in Hongkong from Liwa Victoria.

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(COPRIGHT)

WILLIAM SMYLY interviews a London woman who worked amongst them

States, and settled them in vast idle villages where they wait, and do nothing for themselves from the semi-desert farming lands of Jordan.

The attitude of the refugees to the aid which is being lavished on them is that it was Britain which allowed them to be driven from their homes by Israel, so that they will consider driving Israel back.

The refugees will not consider that they could be moved to other areas and helped to develop new homes and farms by modern methods which Israel has used to win back desert into cultivation.

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The refugees will not consider that they could be

The man who sells Ike calls in the experts

After his recent illness the traditional whistle-stop election campaign would be too much of a strain for President Eisenhower. So Leonard Wood Hall planned a new sort of campaign



LEONARD WOOD HALL

He believes in taking only big risks

LIKE all trainers of odds-on favourites, Leonard Wood Hall, whose job as chairman of the Republican National Committee is to get President Eisenhower re-elected in November, has a thankless task. If his horse loses, the trainer is blamed. If it wins—that is no more than was expected. Fortunately for him, Hall, aged 56, is not unduly sensitive to criticism, and fortunately for his party he is a glutton for responsibility.

It was he who rallied the Republicans after Eisenhower's last attack a year ago, by straight-away announcing that he was making all his plums on the assumption that Eisenhower would run again.

Having made his decision, Hall started to plan an entirely new sort of election campaign. He reasoned that Eisenhower would be unable to make the traditional follow-barn-storming, whistle-stop campaign in person.

So he booked \$2,000,000 worth of radio and TV time, choosing peak periods after popular shows like "60,000 Question," and called in the big, high-powered advertising and publicity firms of Madison Avenue.

"I am merely hiring an expert," said Hall evenly. "It would be foolish not to use them. In the same way candidates use cars and planes instead of buggies and trains."

Old fashioned

In contrast to his high-pressure experts with their differential equations and queer psychological jargon, Hall himself is a typical, old-fashioned American politician.

He is a garrulous glad-handier with an (appropriately) elephantine memory for faces and names, who performs conjuring tricks for the ladies and sings robust songs at sing parties.

He is massively built, but like Ernest Borgnine of only medium height. With his horn-rimmed spectacles, receding hair and wide, easy smile, he looks the epitome of the middle-class

by C.
NICHOLAS
PHIPPS

business man who forms the backbone of his party.

The Republican Party has been Hall's life; he was even born into it. His father was superintendent of the gardens at Eddie (the Republican black-stick) Roosevelt's house, Sagamore Hill.

His god-parents were a son and daughter of Roosevelt's, and he was named after a General Leonard Wood who was staying in the house when he was born.

He worked his way through law school, went into Long Island local politics, and was eventually elected to Congress in 1938.

He proved he was no mere party hack by being one of 21 Republican rebels who voted for a conservation bill in 1941 that was passed by a majority of one.

He gained the reputation of being liked by everybody, and he developed into a skilful adjuster of rivalries within the party.

Eisenhower called on him to help organise his campaign in 1952, and after its triumphant outcome he was elected national chairman.

He proved he was as capable an administrator as he was a politician. "I found my headquarters split up in three different buildings. Many of the staff had never even seen the chairman."

So he took a floor in a modest office building and laid it out as the large open room where everyone can see and get at everyone else. He found his budget the administrative expenses of over 100,000 dollars a year.

Recently the 48 Republican state chairmen—the national chairman's traditional bugbear—voted Hall the best national

QUEEN DINA OF JORDAN SAYS 'I'M SO HAPPY'

From STEPHEN HARPER

I TALKED with beautiful Queen Dina of Jordan Amman at her father's modern white mansion in the garden suburb of Maadi, on the banks of the Nile.

These she dismissed as too absurd to discuss.

The queen received me at her father's modern white mansion in the garden suburb of Maadi, on the banks of the Nile.

First she told me why she came to Cairo three weeks ago: "My father broke his hip some time ago. He has been very lonely confined to the house. I am his only child and I wanted to see him and cheer him up.

"It is my first holiday away from Amman for more than a year. I felt I deserved a break from writing. But I shall return

home later this month." Back in the palace at Amman is seven-month-old Princess Aliya. Queen Dina sometimes hears the baby's chuckles when she speaks on the telephone between herself and King Hussein.

Did she hope for another child, a boy perhaps, before very long? "I think it is a little soon yet," she replied.

Of her life in Amman, the queen said: "I love it there. There is such a lot to do as a citizen in my special position."

How is she spending her holiday? Very quietly. Talking with father. Seeing old friends. I should like to go shopping and browse in the bookshops but it is embarrassing with a crowd trilling around.

Then she talked frankly on the subject most women sidestep. She said: "Yes, I am really 28—awful to be 28 now. I don't want to be a mother just now. I have to work hard."

There never was a show like it. Unless you have powerful connections, you don't stand a chance of getting a seat in under seven months. The backers say it will make over £2,000,000—and sales of records alone are soaring towards the £1,000,000 mark.

All of which makes joyous reading for the lean, lanky star of the show: 48-year-old Rex Harrison.

Harrison stands astride this tremendous musical like a Colossus.

As Professor Higgins, he lopes about the stage in an old carigan, rude and insulting, curt and complacent, elegant and hectoring—yet dispelling a brand of magic rarely seen before on any stage.

Ironically enough, Harrison is probably the most disliked actor in America. "Rude," "arrogant," "selfish" are but a few of the many labels hung around his neck in recent months.

"You really are a dreadful person," Noel Coward is reputed to have told him. "If next to me—you were not the finest light comedy actor in the world you'd be good for only one thing—selling cars in Great Portland Street."

They are constantly together. When Rex took a week off from

the show last month to fly to Bermuda to rest his voice, who should chance to be on the island too but—Kay Kendall.

"Reg," enthuses Kay (he was christened Reginald Carey), "is the most wonderful of men. Impossible, of course, but wonderful . . ."

Having finally seen the show—courtesy of a man who knew a man who knew a man—I was determined to talk to Harrison.

But first I had to pass a test. Said Richard Maney, the theatre's press agent:

"Will you give your word that you will not ask one word about his personal life—or about Miss Kendall?"

"No."

"Then he won't see you."

I agreed.

This went on for two days. Finally I agreed to Harrison's terms—and we arranged to meet at the theatre.

He was—as they had assured me—he would be—very late, arriving from his home at Westbury, Long Island. Ten minutes past nine—his main-time, his long black Cadillac convertible slid up to the stage door and he leapt out—cave-dashed, round-shouldered, thin as a rake.

The crowd around the stage door parted to allow the rake to make progress and I followed him swiftly along the corridor to his souvenir-littered dressing-room. (Among the souvenirs, a signed oil painting of Shaw, whom Harrison met while making "Major Barbara.")

When I first read the show,

said Harrison, "I had no idea it would be such a hit. One can never tell. I had the film 'Pygmalion' run through, of course, to see how Leslie Howard handled the part. That gave me some pointers—though the interpretation, of course, is my own."

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

IS IT TOUGH ON THE KON-TIKI BABIES?

BUT THE OCEAN-WANDERING PARENTS AND THE LANDLUBBERS DISAGREE

Black-bearded Brian Elverson, aged 31, and his wife Rosamund, aged 22, have no doubts about their plan to take eleven-month-old son Rupert with them on their 10,000-mile trip to the South Seas.

Mr. Elverson, an ex-farmer who has been living for three months aboard the ketch Scopulus with wife and baby while fitting out, says life at sea is good for a baby—"better than living in a stuffy city."

"I admire the mother very much," she said from Coniston, "but I don't think I'd have the nerve to take a young child." She paused for reflection. "Unless Donald were with me, of course," she said brightly.

But when I spoke to half a dozen other hardened sea adventurers who had actually DONE what the Elversons plan to do, I heard a very different story.

According to Adrian Seligman, famous oceanic wanderer, there's really nothing to it. As long as you follow your weather forecasts and charts for a week or two beforehand, "use your loaf and follow a depression" (which shouldn't be difficult this year) you'll be over the Bay of Biscay and across the Pacific before you can say "baby overboard."

"As for the child it will be quite all right if they take the right things," said Rosemary Seligman, daughter of Sir Arthur "Pattern" of Islands' Grimble.

"They must pack the Shipman's Medical Guide, twice as much baby food as they would need on land (in case of becalming), a paraffin fridge if possible, and a large supply of disinfectant as the main danger to Rupert will be food poisoning."

Water baby

Rex Harrison
"Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned?"



Adrian Seligman's first daughter was born and spent the first 18 months of her life on a world cruise, "and only once fell down a companion hatch, and wasn't even bruised. We put a spring door at the head of the hatch, laced the ship's guard rails with light cord, and netted her cot in gimbals to prevent her from getting thrown about, and she was as happy as anything," he told me.

Like Rosamund Elverson who says Rupert is just as likely to meet death on the roads, Rosemary Seligman thinks there are greater domestic dangers than life on the ocean wave.

Dr. Edmund Pye, who travelled with his wife to the South Seas between 1952-55 in a 29ft boat, gave an equally optimistic medical opinion. "As there's sufficient steerage to take plenty of fresh food and water in a 20-tonner, there's nothing against it," he told me from Mizen Cottage in the wilds of Essex.

No doubt

There is no doubt in the mind of Jill Bombard, 26-year-old fiancee of 34-year-old Lieutenant Commander Peter Hamilton, who has just crossed the Atlantic alone in his 21ft sloop, Salmo. She looks forward with confidence to her honeymoon trip across the Pacific.

"I believe that a family is a family, and like Mrs. Elverson, would hate to be parted from my child, if I ever have one. It would take more than public opinion to stop me if I wanted to," she said blithely.

More people than ever are preparing small ships for this sort of journey than ever before, though most of them don't get much farther than Land's End.

(CONTINUED)

As I walked back to the stage door, the orchestra was playing one of the best songs from the show: "I'm An Ordinary Man," in which Harrison vigorously protests his dislike of women.

Come to think of it, I was quite wrong.

How could Harrison ever be in sympathy with a character like that?

(COPRIGHT)

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



Admiral

The Russians Create A New Aristocracy

**FEE-PAYING BOARDING SCHOOLS
IF YOU KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE**

By HUGH SETON WATSON

IN the opinion of orthodox Marxists, economic power determines political power. A ruling class must therefore consist of those who hold economic power, or of their nominees.

In industrialised countries with a system of private enterprise—say the Communists—it is the capitalists who rule, sharing power in varying degrees with the large landowners whenever the latter are a considerable force.

But when a proletarian revolution expropriates capitalists and landowners, economic power belongs to the people, and there can no longer be a ruling class.

In the Soviet Union there are only two classes, which are not antagonistic but fraternal—the workers and the peasants.

So much for doctrine. In practice, it is true that there are no large private landowners and no private capitalists in the Soviet Union. It is equally true that immense political power is concentrated in the hands of a small number of Communist Party chiefs, and that a larger but still small minority of the Soviet population enjoys material and cultural privileges which raise them far above the masses.

At The Top

A new social stratum has formed at the top of Soviet society, access to which from below is still possible but is becoming more difficult. This stratum has striking similarities to the bourgeoisie of nineteenth century Europe, and indeed can best be described by the name "state bourgeoisie."

It is not itself a ruling class, but it is the social group from which the ruling personnel are recruited, and it exercises social pressure which are felt within the higher ranks of the ruling Communist Party.

In brief, the Congress directed on the Sixth Five Year Plan announced that from this autumn fees for the top three classes of secondary schools and universities would be abolished, and that by 1960 universal secondary education would be achieved "basically" in cities and "rural localities."

In 1937, according to the official report on the Third Five Year Plan, the "tolling intelligentsia," consisting of 8,000,000 persons gainfully employed. Of these, 1,751,000 were

Far Better

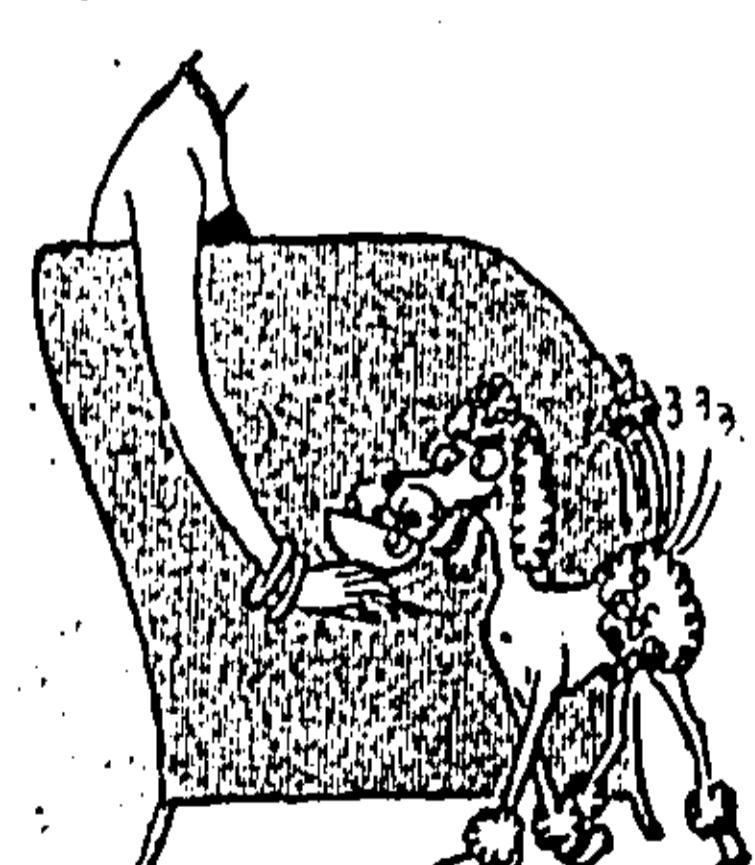
Another advantage enjoyed by the intelligentsia has been the opportunity to give their children a far better education than that available to the children of workers and peasants.

The subject deserves pause in view of decisions affecting education announced at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

Indeed, it is not unreasonable to suppose that these fee-basis schools are designed in part to compensate the present upper intelligentsia—that is, to preserve relatively exclusive opportunities for the education of their children in the face of keener competition in other schools.

Adding this development to the other privileges which the upper intelligentsia enjoys, it appears that the elitist tendencies of the Soviet regime will be as strong—if not stronger—in the 1960's as in the 1950's.

EVE PERRICK tells: HOW TO DODGE YOUR DRINK AT A PARTY



It takes our Bessie, the bold and brave Bradock, to say "Nets to you" when pressed to take a drink by a succession of lavish hosts on her recent trip to Russia. Back home, flushed with success—but nothing more, she admits: "It was difficult, but I beat 'em."

Now this question of how to refuse the drink you don't want is an old social problem—as old as the story of the man with dishonest intentions plying the innocent young maiden with liquor.

There is even an old traditional way out of the dilemma—"pour the stuff into the spittoon in the old days was always conveniently placed for such a purpose."

Alas, the helpful spittoon has made way for the "modern

ivy plant hanging halfway up the wall. The problem surprisingly remains. There are a lot of women who don't drink (or not much) who often find themselves at parties where a good-time-being-had-by-all is somehow linked up in the host's mind with a generous issue of booze.

So how does a smart girl sidestep the issue?

Lady Barnard, the new professional etiquette expert, is a "parker." She, finding it tedious to keep on refusing drinks, takes them, puts them down somewhere, and promptly forgets where. She advises that this method is only workable at large gatherings.

Deb-of-the-Year-Before—Lady Frances Sweeney, rather unjoyous being regarded as the Deb Difference—the difference being that she has drunk pure tomato juice through two crowded, boisterous rounds.

And Sabrina of the robust, dalmatian chums, states firmly her mother told her to be sure to stick to milk. "When I tell people that," says the ex-Miss Eskimo, "they look as if they are going to drop dead."

Miss Crawford, who is as cool as a cucumber, is my Bessie. She has decided to take the "double-take" route. "I think you want to know what I do when I'm offered a drink," she says. "I just say 'No, thanks' and walk away."

Her one-time colleague in the poker game, Barbara Kelly, uses a more tactful "She says, "I don't think you want to know what I do when I'm offered a drink."

Alas, the helpful spittoon has made way for the "modern



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

WHEN Napoleon realised that he had lost the Battle of Waterloo he said to one of his generals: "I have only one regret; I forgot to shoot Fouché." Thus did the Emperor express his innermost feelings towards that sinister figure who set a pattern for all time as a Minister of Police and became the most hated and feared man in France.

No one could be less like Fouché than Randolph Churchill, only son of Sir Winston, but I can well imagine that as Sir Anthony Eden looks upon the turbulent political scene today he mutters to himself: "I have only one regret. I failed to destroy Randolph."

All this is a prelude to a frank portrait which I propose to put before you in this issue. It is the portrait of a man, 45 years old, who accumulates enemies as miler accumulates gold.

BEAVERBROOK

To understand the significance of Randolph Churchill at this moment it is necessary to recall that the staunchest newspaper champion of Sir Anthony Eden today is no less a person than Baron Beaverbrook.

Which brings me to the hero of our narrative, Randolph Churchill, the vital statistics of this formidable figure are that he has been married twice, that he sat in Parliament as a Tory from 1940 to 1945 and did gallant war service with the Yugoslav patriots after Germany had overrun their country.

DEFEATED

It was not ever thus. During Eden's regime at the Foreign Office he was riddled with grapeshot by the Canadian press magnate. But when Eden became Prime Minister our Canadian compatriot saw the light and was converted like Saul of Tarsus.

But let there be no mistake about it. The great Max has many faults but sycophancy is not one of them. His sudden enthusiasm for Eden was genuine.

INEVITABLE

He does not seek honours. After his stupendous services to the State as Minister of Aircraft Production in the Hitler war he could have had a step-up in the peerage by merely whistling for it, but when other men had given their lives he refused to accept any reward.

It was inevitable that when the Express Newspaper Group became the open and belligerent champion of Eden as Prime

But how did Randolph accept this blow to his ambitions? He took it like the Emperor Coriolanus who, when he was banished from Rome, declared: "Rome banishes me? I banish Rome." Thus did Randolph put Parliament in its place.

But let there be no doubt about it—he is an excellent writer on politics. He has style, forcefulness and courage. And heaven knows he has combative

But Russia in 1931 was a most austere place. No wild drunken parties or anything like that.

"We," Bernard Shaw, my husband and myself, were most impressed by the Cromwellian atmosphere. And they must have found us very cheap to entertain."

"Well, there you have it—a veritable Brain Trust from Bessie B. to Lady A. on how to dodge that drink."

I use my own methods, myself. Sadly I say, "Yes, I'd love another, but I don't remember my grandfather."

"This really impresses people, even though my grandfather

had stone-cold sober in his

days of the age of 87."

And for dates, a dear, I recommend this line of make-believe, specially double talk:

"I've never had to drink

the last time I've ever had to drink



LIMELIGHT

focuses on Paris, where Gary Cooper has come to town in a most unfamiliar role.

GARY COOPER was on the telephone: "Hiya, Countess . . . what's the lowdown? . . . sure . . . sure . . . yep . . . no, no, I'm feelin' fine: never drink too much: always stop — between drinks. . . ." He winked at me; carefully balanced the heel of one shoe on the toe of the other; sank lower on to the divan; spun the receiver as tenderly as if it were a six-shooter and put it to the other ear.

He laughed silently, his large nose crinkling like an accordian. "How's the Duchess?" he said, giving me a big schoolboy grin. "Great . . . great you do that honey. Call me—huh? Give my best to the Duchess." He hung up, scratched the ankle of one foot with the heel of the other. As meticulously as if he were doing a balletic exercise, he unwound his legs, shifted his weight on to one elbow and poured Scotch on the rocks. He was wearing fawn slacks and sports shirt with horizontal blue stripes. His face was as full of interesting lines as a map of the Balkans.

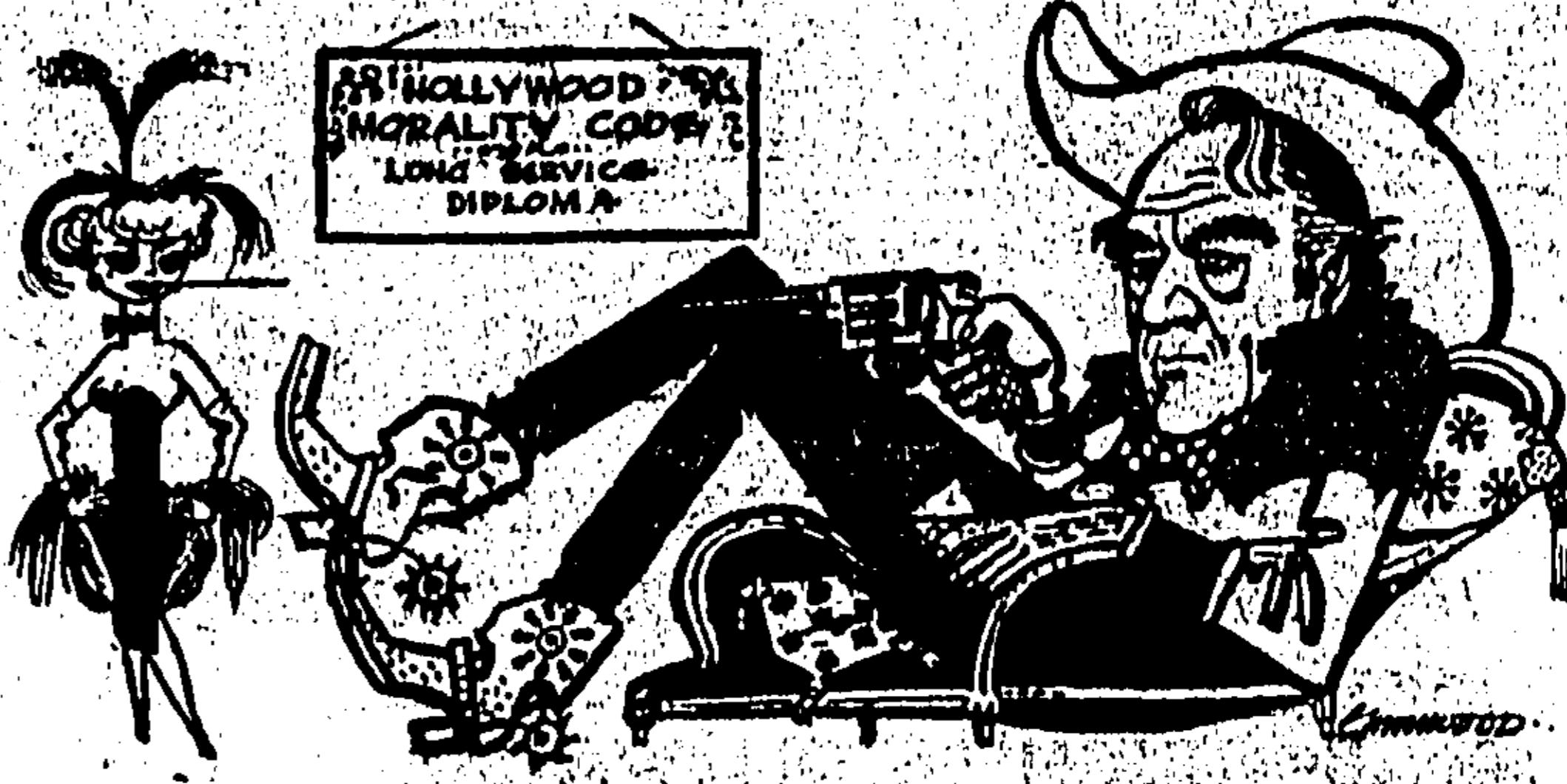
All the virtues

With his easy amiability, lazy charm, and untroubled eyes, he looked the embodiment of all those simple American virtues which he has been selling so successfully for the past 25 years: married ones, too—and I never have had a more devoted exponent, he with my principles! I seemed as wholesome as don't. I'm taking a chance. Mother's Day, the blue-

eyed boy of the Breen Office.

Therefore, I was appropriately shocked when he told me that he was now playing an elderly roue in the film "Love in the Afternoon," whose affairs with married women are so numerous that he single-handed provides a decent (or rather indecent) livelihood for one French private detective specialising in divorce.

"Yes," he said, "I guess I offend against the Code. First time I've ever done that. I'm quite a guy with the women in this film—married ones, too—and I don't come to a sticky finish. How do I square that with my principles? I seem as wholesome as don't. I'm taking a chance. Mother's Day, the blue-



Cowboy Cooper trades his horse for a sofa

By THOMAS WISEMAN

you gotta do that. I've Cooperr said. "Gee, long time. Maybe it won't look too wrong because it pound the credo that has happens in Paris; it'd be kept him in business and in different if it happened favour for so long: There are not many guys who've been in the business longer than I have. I guess part of the reason is that I've stuck to decent principles. If pictures are going to be seen by kids, you have to do that.

"I don't hold with making films that show the sordid side of life—The Blackboard Jungle. I think they have a bad effect. I don't hold with showing hopeless people like in Death of a Salesman. I think that's bad morally. To me it's depressing and it's dull. Sure there are people like this fellow, but you don't have to write plays about them. There are people born that way and there ain't nothin' you can do about them or for 'em."

Speak no evil

"A man like Arthur Milen, he's got a grudge against certain phases of American life. I don't like a man who has an ingrained grudge against our country. He's done a lot of bad. Ours is a pretty great country and I don't think we ought to run it down. He was right."

The phone rang. It was the French girl. Cooper said: "Say I'm expected back in ten minutes."

(COPRIGHT)

Total War On Italy's Most Dreaded Secret Society

A MARATHON TRIAL BROKE THE POWER OF THE CAMORRA

By JOHN ROBBINS

GENNARO CUOCOLO broke the oath of the Camorra, one of the most powerful secret societies that has ever existed and one which held Naples in a grip of terror for more than a century.

The penalty for treachery was death, and sentence was pronounced by a Supreme Tribunal of 12 Camorristi leaders. It was swiftly and brutally carried out.

On June 7, 1906, Cuocolo was found on the seashore near Torre del Greco where the lower slopes of Vesuvius sweep down to the blue Bay of Naples.

Cuocolo, a corpulent, elegantly dressed man of 42, was almost unrecognisable. His head had been battered in—and his body bore 47 wounds inflicted with the traditional stiletto carried by members of the Camorra.

His patent-leather dancing shoes were spotlessly clean and bore no trace of the Vesuvian ash, indicating that he had been carried to the spot where he was found.

STABBED

THIS Neapolitan police — Publica Sicurezza — at first thought he was a stranger. But the body was identified by an uncle and the police went to the house in the Via Nardonne, in the very heart of Naples, where Cuocolo lived.

There they found the body of his wife, Maria Cimelli, a woman of doubtful character, known as "The Beautiful Sorrentina." She, too, had been stabbed to death.

And on her body she bore the stigma, a long circular cut—the ritual brand for a traitor or spy.

The Camorra had had its revenge. But at the same time it had given the world a new legend.

It had given the police

know every detail of the Cuocolo murders, to turn King's evidence against his former friends.

Abbatemaggio had been a coachman in the service of the chief of the Camorra, Enrico Alano, or Erricone, and his affection soon became known. Erricone fled to America, but was discovered by New York policeman, Detective Petrosino, and taken back to Italy. (Later Petrosino was murdered by the Camorra in Palermo).

In all 41 people including Erricone, Father Vittozzi and Abbatemaggio, were arrested in the Carabinieri swoop.

COURTROOM

SUCH was the prelude to the most sensational trial in Italy this century—a trial that was to last over a year and to cost the State about £80,000. The evidence of 700 witnesses filled 63 volumes of the official report.

The trial did not begin until March, 1911, five years after the Cuocolo killings, and then not in Naples but at Viterbo, north of Rome, far from the influence of the Camorra. Even so, it was difficult to empanel a jury.

The unhappy jurymen eventually enlisted were virtually imprisoned for the duration of the trial, and received 3s. 7½d. a day each for their trouble!

The ancient Church of the Scalzi (Barefooted) was turned into a courtroom, and a great iron cage was built for the prisoners. Abbatemaggio, for safety's sake, was provided with a small cage of his own. Father Vittozzi, the society's Pope, was allowed a seat in front of the larger cage.

Slowly, punctuated by many interruptions and emotional outbursts from those inside the cage, the case against the Camorre was unfolded before the president, Cavaliere Bianchi.

BETRAYAL

ONCE Erricone—a thin, vulgar man with a scar from ear to mouth—admitted: "We are innocent. We have been betrayed and sold like lambs." Then he burst into tears.

But were they innocent? From the evidence, it appeared that the author of the crime, Cuocolo, had been a member of a secret society based on the cult of Errico, the Duke of Acosta, and enough it he did.

The man mainly responsible for the denunciation was Chiarinetti, Caporali, who, disguised as a peasant, became a Camorriste and gained the secret of the society.

Together with other peasants who had been infiltrated into Camorra circles, he convinced Erricone, a man called "Giovanni" to break his silence.

On May 26, 1906, a meeting of Camorristi

leaders was held at Bagnolet. At this meeting Erricone denounced the Cuoros for the betrayal of a comrade who, as a result, had been sent to penal servitude.

According to the prosecution a certain one-eyed Nicolo Morna was instructed to arrange the death of the Cuoros.

Cuocolo was enticed to Torre del Greco and killed by Morna and three others.

Then, in a hired carriage, the assassins drove to Naples—and to the Via Nardonne, where the beautiful Scrittori's brief widowhood was ended.

Women fainted, men shouted. And outside it took a battalion of infantry to maintain order.

These five were sentenced to 30 years' solitary confinement. Others received varying sentences.

Confusion broke out when judgment was passed. There were shrieks, gestures, oaths and curses from the frenzied men in the cage. One of them cut his throat with a jagged piece of glass and collapsed in a pool of blood.

Women fainted, men shouted. And outside it took a battalion of infantry to maintain order.

THE HERO

FAther Vittozzi received a term of six years' imprisonment as an accomplice, but as he suffered from angina pectoris he was kept in the infirmary of Florence Convict Prison until his release in 1913, when he was still suffering his innocence.

Abbatemaggio, the informer, was gaol'd with the rest. But it was not till the last word was heard of him. When Italy entered World War I he obtained permission to join the ranks and fought with distinction winning the Italian War Cross.

Twenty years after the trial the question was asked again—were those accused at Viterbo really guilty? Abbatemaggio signed a confession that everything he had said in evidence was false and that he had been simultaneously blackmailed and bribed by the Carabinieri.

The government, convinced there had been a tragic judicial error, decided to release survivors still held in prison. They were not pardoned—that would have been an open accusation against the Carabinieri—but were released on parole one at a time.

No matter how strange it is written off in Italian history, the country is unlikely to forget it—the word camorra has become part of the language. It signifies, as does 'speches' in France, and 'dugs' in America, the criminality of great cities.

REVELATIONS

ABBATEMAGGIO has been in and out of prison over the years and was released for the last time a few months ago. Recently he claimed that he could make sensational disclosures in the Montesi case which he had, had connections with the Camorra and the Mafia of Sicily.

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(CONTINUED)

Britons Adopting More Foreigners

By A Special Correspondent

AN increasing number of one member, "but what we class as ordinary everyday things."

Saying that arrangements would be made to translate the club's letters into German, the members added:

"Probably we shall not gain their confidence immediately, but we hope eventually to win their hearts and do all we can for them."

They had a film show.

Then a vote was taken and everyone seemed in favour of adopting the family in question.

They decided to write to the Austrian family once a month, and to send them parcels of clothing and food every so often. They plan to put forward the idea.

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They decided to write to the Austrian family once a month, and to send them parcels of clothing and food every so often. They plan to put forward the idea.

They have adopted a 15-year-old Austrian girl who has lost her parents and is now living with foster parents near the Yugoslav frontier.

The aim of their help scheme

— it is run through a "Save the Children" fund—is to send the girl £10 a year.

About £27 has been collected and sent already.

It is hoped that the money will permit the girl to become a kindergarten nurse, which is her ambition.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD

YOU FIGURE THE NEWS OF YOUR BREAK WITH FALCON AIRCRAFT WILL BRING THE RIVAL KITTY RUNNING TO YOU, EH?

CHECK, GINGER! THEY CAN USE MY NAME TO GOOD ADVANTAGE IN THE TROPHY AIR RACE—AND I CAN USE MY IN TO GET EVIDENCE OF SABOTAGE.

THE NEXT DAY WHEN THE NEWS BREAKS . . .

GET A LOAD OF THIS, MR. ANTHONY! HMM, COULD BE A GOOD BREAK FOR AVATECH SOUP...

GET ME MISS HAWTHORN ON THE PHONE!

WE GOT HER TO FLY OUR ENTRE AND PLASTER IT AROUND AS THE BRIDGE FLIGHT OF THE CENTURY! IT'S GOING TO UP A MILLION BUCKS TO US!

SCOTT HAWTHORN

...this situation calls for a

SCOTT HAWTHORN

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



FATH

LONDON WILL BE THE RENDEZVOUS OF PARIS COUTURIERS

by EILEEN ASCROFT

LONDON will witness a unique fashion event on November 5 . . . the first time that six of the great Paris couturiers have agreed to a joint showing of their current collections. Balmain, Desses, Fath, Hémi, Patou and Lanvin-Castillo will be showing the highlights of their winter collections at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the National Fund for Polio Research.

Paper patterns of six of the models will be available to the public and each will be presented in British materials.

FOR EVERY WOMAN

The Parade will stress the fluidity of present fashions — full skirts or slim lines. This is essentially a reason in which every woman can find the line that suits her best.

Our Paris artist Crosthwaite has been given exclusive permission to make advance sketches of the styles that will be shown. Here are three of the models being sent.

Each of the six Paris fashion houses is sending one of its loveliest mannequins to London to present the new styles.

A day dress (above) of charcoal-coloured wool for autumn or winter days. The bloused top has a crossed neckline caught with three round cut buttons and three-quarter length sleeves trimmed with matching buttons. The slim skirt joins the bloused bodice at the waist. The belt is patent leather. With the dress is worn a high navy squared ostrich "chechia."

This heavy silk day dress of grey herringbone has a fitted bodice buttoned to the neck with black buttons and is finished with a small Peter Pan collar. The wide skirt has pressed pleats over the bust and the three-quarter sleeves are bracelet-length with turn-back cuffs. The Cossack hat of mink by Claude St Cyr is mounted on a taupe velvet band and topped with black grosgrain.



PATOU

A cocktail outfit of printed silk. The strapless dress has a draped cummerbund and a bell-shaped skirt with floating panels gathered at the back. The collarless crepe jacket has wide bracelet-length sleeves.

Mothers Are Warned... Beware The Tender Trap

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES



Mama Liberace—would she pass the 5-point test?

LONDON. THERE is only one person to blame for Liberace, and that is Liberace's mother. I observe with alarm the growing number of mothers who drown their sons in a squelch of mother love.

For every mother who neglects her child, I'm sure there must be twice the number who keep their sons tied so close to their emotional apron strings that they are liable to grow up shaped like a piano.

I have talked this week to three specialists in children's welfare—a headmaster, a doctor, and a psychologist—and to a number of intelligent fathers and mothers. Pooling their opinions, I've worked out some key questions for mothers of boys to ask themselves honestly.

The questions fall into five groups, and the right answers are Yes, No, Yes, Yes, Yes. If you give more than two wrong answers you are well on the way to being a possessive mother.

If your son is aged six . . . Has he got at least one friend of his own choosing, not a child of your own friends?

If he is eight . . . Do you feel a faint hostility to his school? Are you always criticizing the school staff and methods? Have you ever told his master that your boy is exceptionally sensible?

If he is twelve . . . Do you let him spend an occasional holiday away from you, at a camp or with friends? If he is ill, are you willing for other people to help look after him? Can you hear him praising other mothers without a pang?

INQUISITIVE?

If he is fifteen . . . Can he write and receive letters without your being inquisitive? Has his one desk or cupboard you never got to? Do you refrain from asking constantly, "What are you reading?" or "How did you spend your pocket money?"

If he is twenty . . . Does he feel quite free NOT to tell you about all his girl friends? (The mother who says proudly, "Johnnie tells me everything" is well on the way to domination.) Do you genuinely hope that when he brings his best girl home, she'll turn out to be pretty, clever, and nice?

All very simple little questions, but quite revealing. And important to the majority of mothers who adore their sons, but have the sense not to want to "hang on."

What will a larger sum, say, 30 to 60 guineas buy?

It will buy a drawing of water colour by almost any artist except the few in the very big money. Or an oil painting by many interesting and rising painters. "Don't necessarily buy an artist's fashionable mood," Jack Beddington said. If he is well known for landscapes, a still-life may cost less.

"But now we're talking about bigger money," he said. "Let's go back to my first point, that collecting isn't a hobby for millionaires. There are many hundreds of drawings and lithographs and even paintings to be bought for a few pounds which are well worth hanging—if you like the picture."

The Evening Mood

RECENTLY, I wrote about the battle of long or short evening dresses. I was for short ones. Now, Princess Margaret comes down on my side.

I've been asking the best-known evening beauties to open their cupboards for me and count up their evening dresses of both kinds.

MRS JOHN WARD says: "If I can choose, it's always a short dress. But on a formal occasion, it has to be long. In the season in London, I wear a long dress about three times a week."

LADY MELCHETT: "Always short when I can. I have two long dresses which I seldom wear and three short ones, ending a little above the ankle."

MERLE OBERON: "I've a mania for long evening dresses, for when I dress up I like the whole works. I've brought about 20 long ones

with me and I've another 50 at home."

SARAH ROTHSCHILD: "I have three short evening dresses and one long one which I'm having cut short. I was never a deb, so I rarely go to balls."

CLAIRE BARING: "Always short, and really short. I have only one long one and it is rather broken and old. I know a long dress looks lovely at a ball, but they get so trodden on."

MARGOT FONTAINE: "I have five long and five short. The long ones give such grace and dignity that I would be sorry to see them go."

It looks as though the clue to Princess Margaret's choice lies in her age. The under-thirties like 'em short. The over-thirties, even those with a beautiful figure, admire the splendour of a swirling skirt.

Long and gracious? Or short and young? Demachy's sketches crystallise the two evening moods.



The Sudden Craze For A Wider Band

London. THE conventional plain little gold band wedding ring is going out. In its place—the wide, wide rings like grandmother wore.

In large chain jewellers are making them. The big rings can be plain, ornamented or carved. They can be thin and flat or heavy and curved. They can be of any precious metal—although they are mostly gold.

Some who were given small rings are exchanging them for half-inch rings.

What is the reason for this sudden craze? It started in America. Now here, for the past two years, the idea has caught on and held fast.

Many women feel that their wedding rings should be part of their jewellery. They do not care any more for that little thin thread round their finger which is never noticed.

Antique shops sell as many wide rings as they can lay their hands on—from £5. Bond Street shops make them especially for their customers.



from £40. Chain jewellers are making them. The big rings can be plain, ornamented or carved. They can be thin and flat or heavy and curved. They can be of any precious metal—although they are mostly gold.

And, above all, they are wide, wide.

WARM PEOPLE, COLD PEOPLE

EVIA DAHLBECK, Swedish film star and playwright, has written a new comedy about "warm and cold people."

Her definition—

Warm people: They have the love in them. Cold people: They look for the love in other people and never find it.

Pick your pattern and go gay with WEMCO Fabrics—including crease-resistant "WEMCOBELLE" and WEMCO LUSTRE COTTON, and WEMCO COTTON SURAN.

There's a rainbow of colours—wonderful designs. Come and see them for yourself!

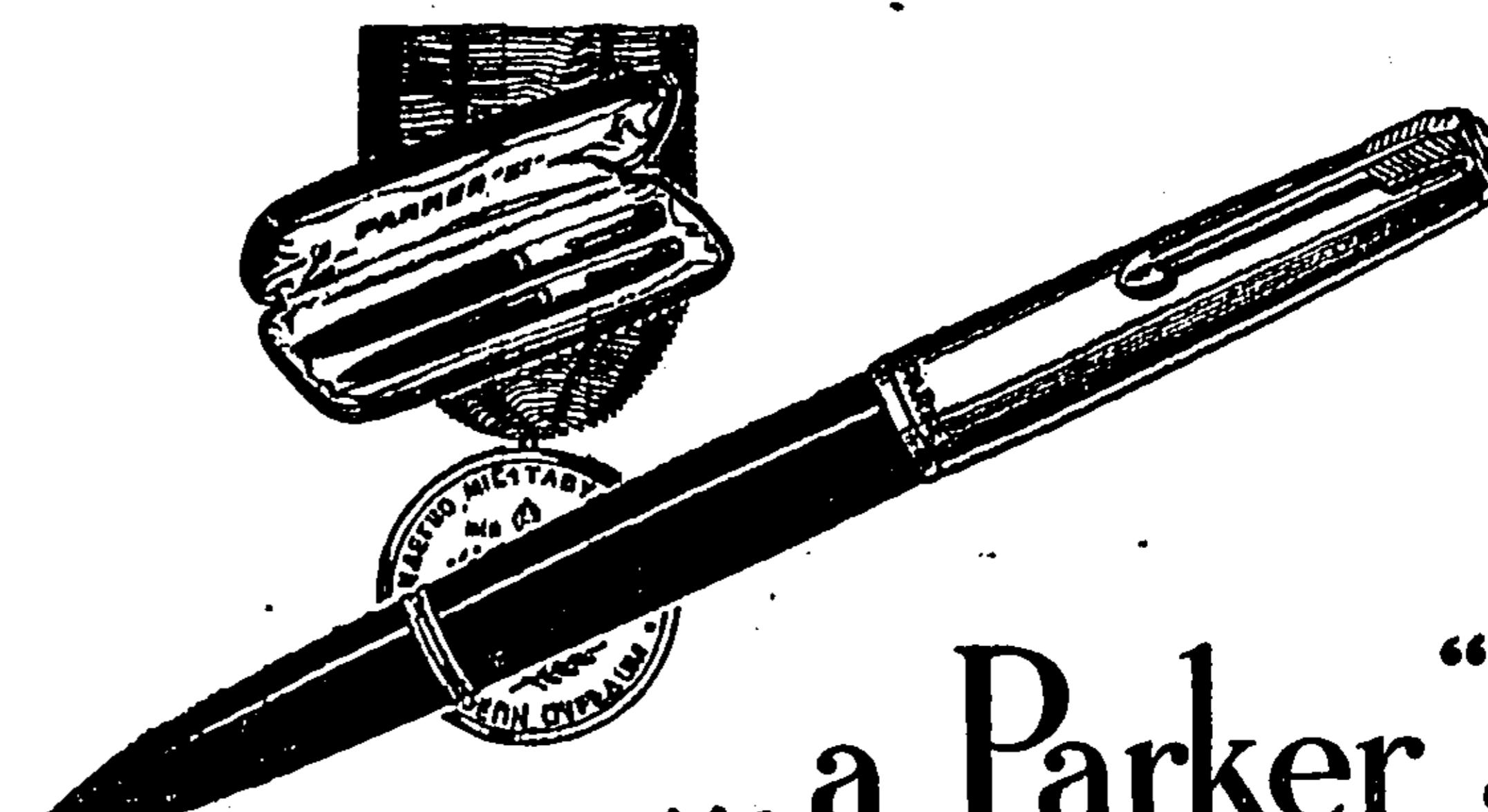
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"...for courage and bravery!"



...a Parker '51'

We sincerely believe that no other fountain pen has ever elicited such deep and widespread admiration as the Parker "51" pen.

Here is a fountain pen so coveted that some nations have awarded it as a decoration for valour and meritorious service!

There is a reason for this and for the way the Parker "51" looks and feels in your hand. 68 years of pen-making experience have designed this wonderful instrument so that you . . . the writer . . . obtain a host of "intangibles" found in no other pen. For example, its weight and shape have been calculated to a nicety so that you get perfect balance . . . so important for fatigue-free long letter writing. The Parker "51" pen will give you decades of trouble-free, smooth-as-silk performance.

The Parker "51" has come to stand as a symbol of good taste to those who know and want the best in everything they own.

We earnestly suggest that you visit your Parker dealer for a thorough examination and trial of this remarkable writing instrument. What a wonderful idea for a distinctive and thoughtful gift!

For best results in this and all other pens, use Parker Quink, the only ink containing soft-k.

PRICES: PARKER "51" ROLLED GOLD CAP PEN: HK\$60.00 SET: HK\$100.00
"51" LEATHER CASE: HK\$2.00 REFILLS HK\$2.00 "51" SPECIAL HK\$10.00
Sole Agents: DUNHILL (CHINA) LIMITED, Room 631, Alexandra House
Pen Repair Services: DUNHILL SHOWROOM, ALEXANDRA ARCADE

1958



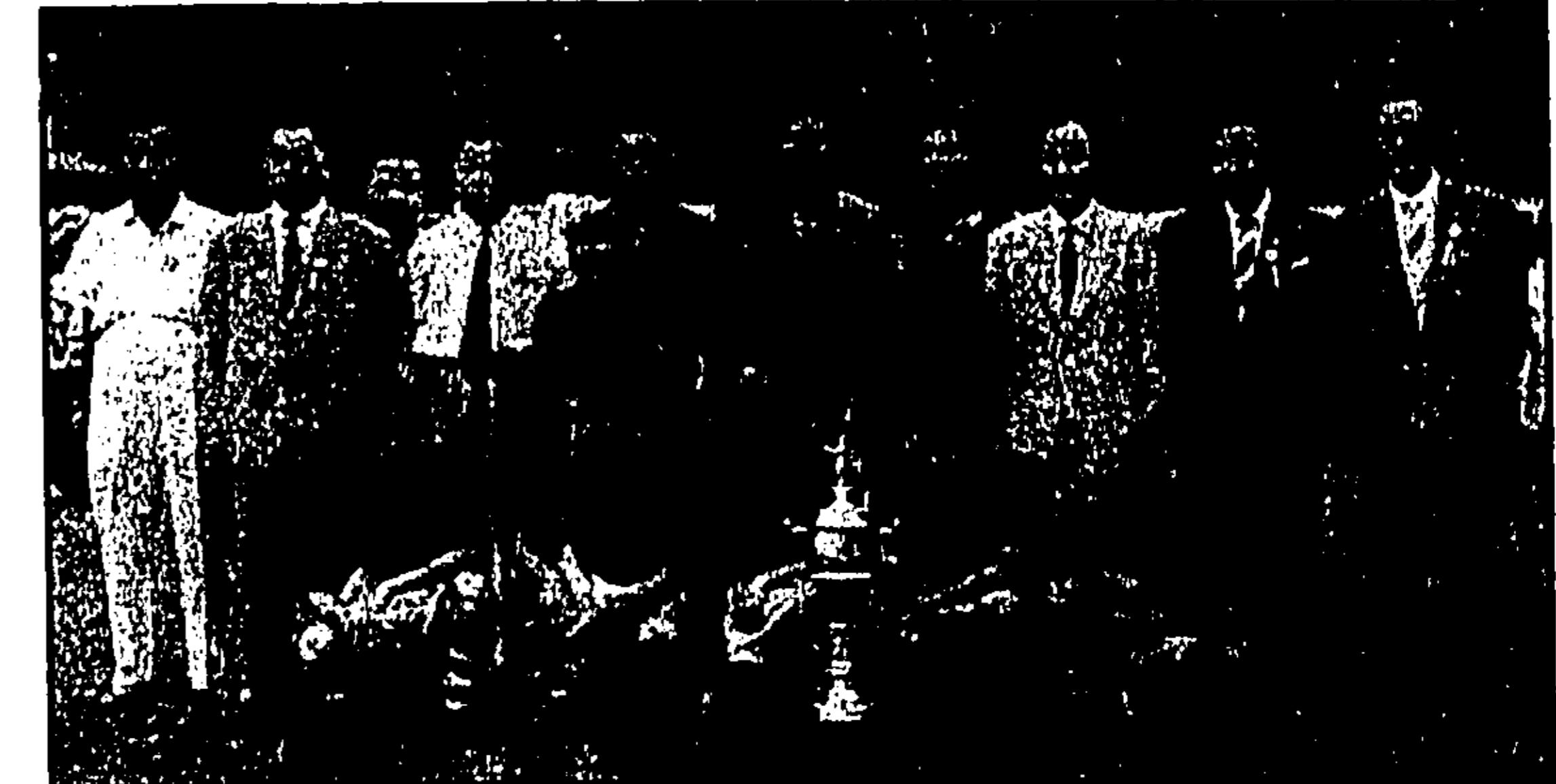
THE United States Air Force joined the Royal Air Force in the air display held at Kai Tak last Saturday in aid of RAF charities. Above: His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr E. B. David, arriving in a U.S. Navy helicopter. Right, above: A RAF Venom attacking a ground target. Right: The giant Globemaster troop carrier, which can take 200 passengers. (Staff Photographer)



COLONEL E. H. Steele-Baume inspecting recruits of the Hongkong Chinese Training Unit at Lyamun Barracks when he took the salute at the 21st passing-out parade. (Staff Photographer)



THE annual harbour race last Sunday attracted swimmers young and old—it was a most universally popular sports event. Wan Shiu-ming, Colony champion, seen below being interviewed by John Wallace for Radio Hongkong after winning the race. Below, right: Ann Oliver, the first girl to finish. (Staff Photographer)

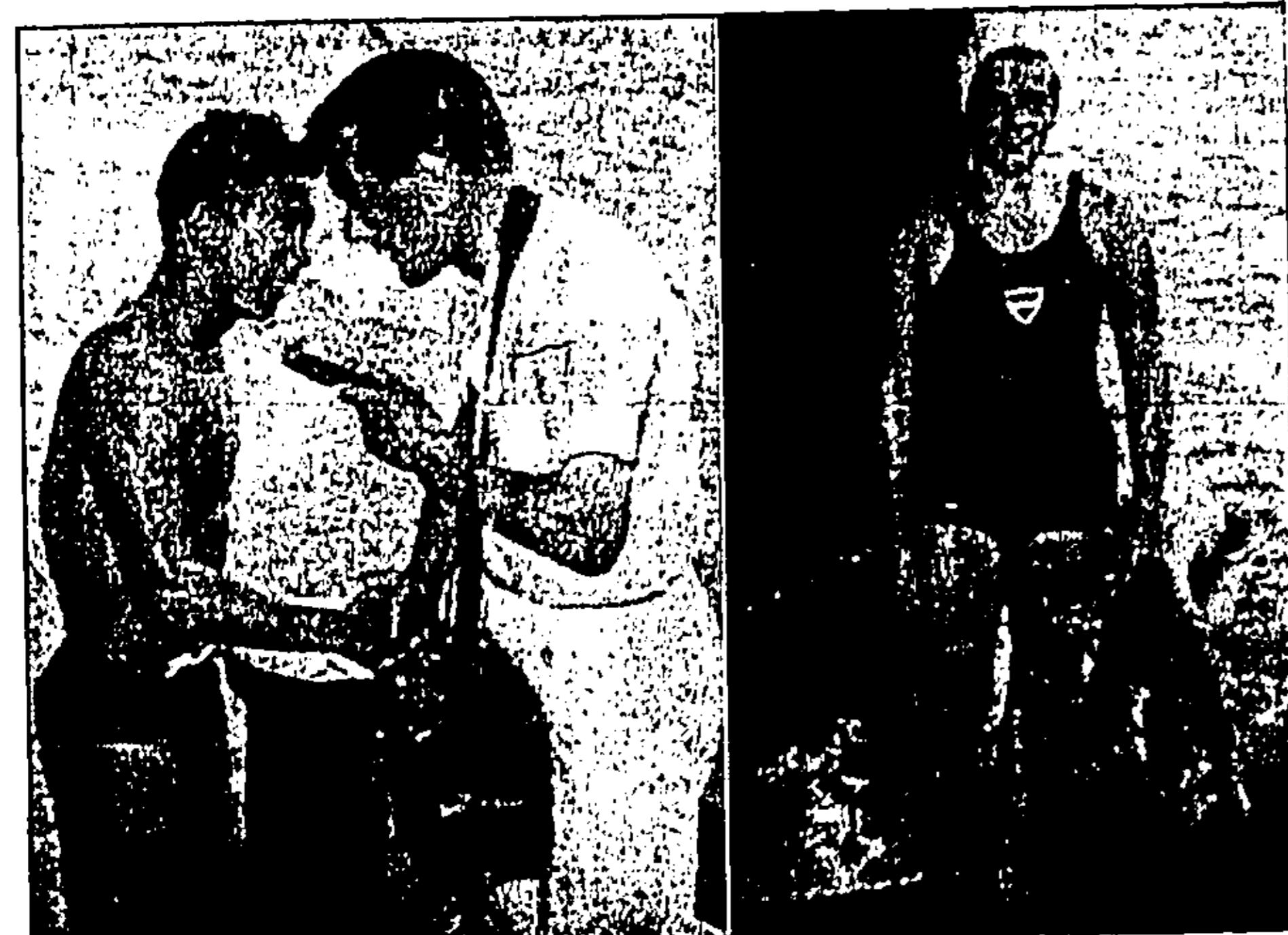


HONGKONG Chinese footballers defeated Malayan Chinese by five goals to three at Caroline Hill last Saturday to regain the Ho Ho Cup. The victorious Hongkong team seen above with the trophy. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the party celebrating the first birthday of Ramesh Kishinchand Sujanani, son of Mr and Mrs Kishinchand C. Sujanani. (Terry)

ST John Ambulance Brigade members taking part in the competition for the Trevor Shield and other trophies at Mainland Headquarters last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



BELLOW: Miss Nalini Samaraweera, a delegate of the Ceylon YWCA, demonstrating a Kandy dance to members of the Hongkong YWCA after a kimono display this week. (Staff Photographer)



BELLOW: Christening of Karen Anne, daughter of Captain and Mrs D. S. Holdworth, which took place at St Joseph's Church. (Ming Yuen)



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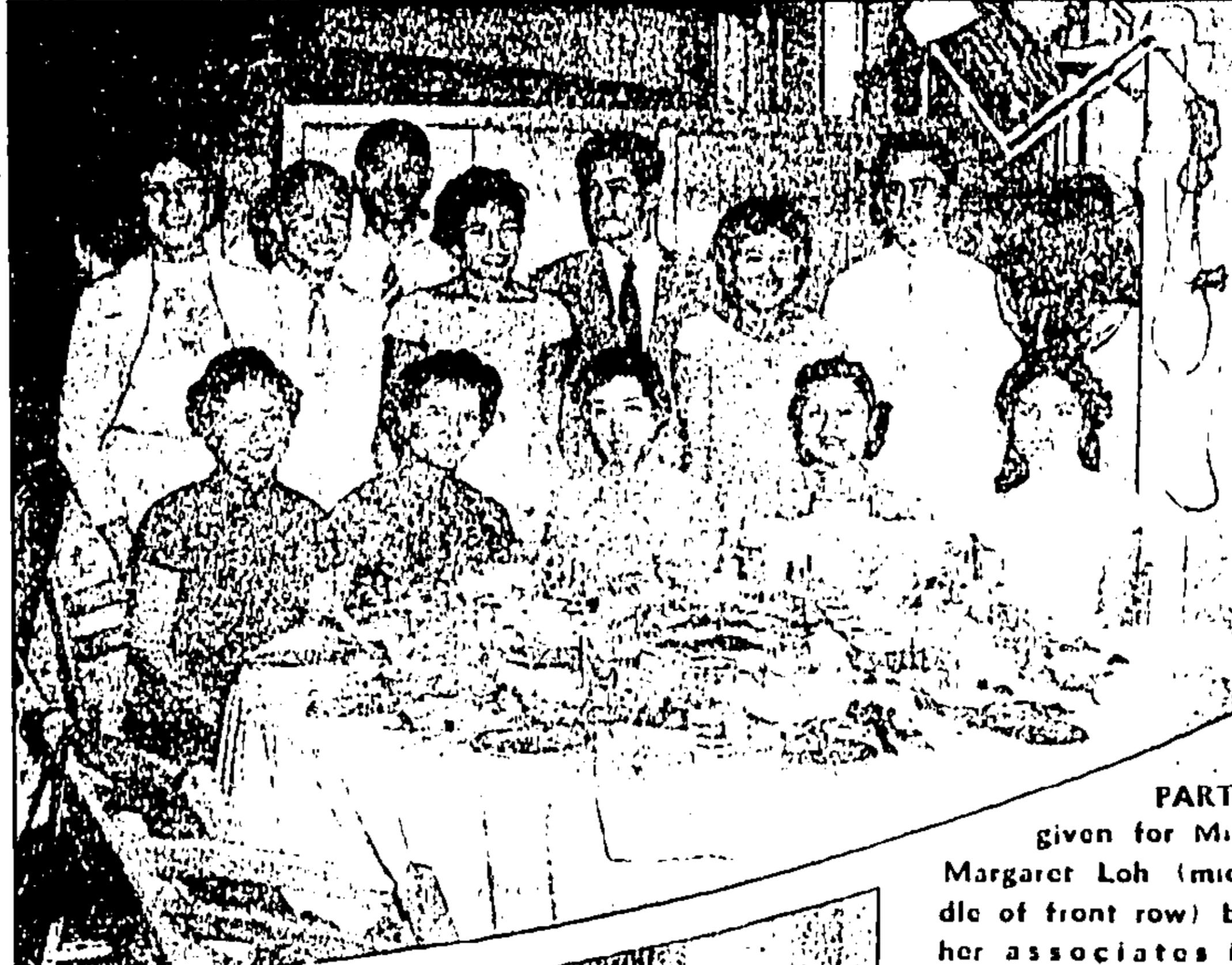
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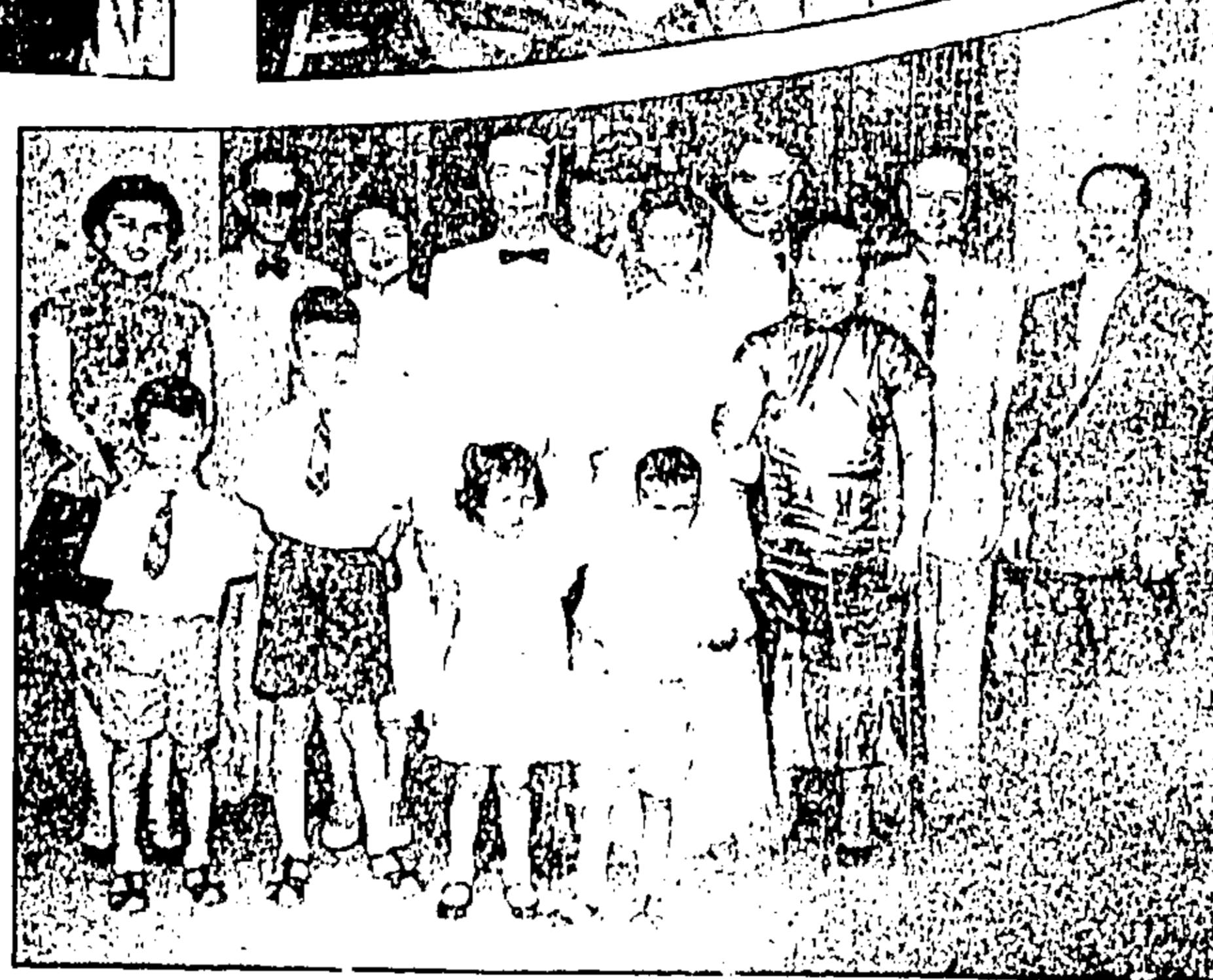


SEÑOR
José Maza,
President of the
United Nations
General Assembly,
who visited Hong-
kong last week,
meets Mr. G. E.
Marden, President
of the United
Nations Association,
Hongkong Branch,
at a tea party given
by the Association
at the Gloucester
Hotel. (Staff Photo-
grapher)

RIGHT: The Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Lawrence Bianchi, snapped at one of the stalls at the St Paul's Convent bazaar last Saturday. (Staff Photo-
grapher)



PARTY
given for Miss
Margaret Loh (mid-
dle of front row) by
her associates in
H.M. Dockyard to
say farewell to her
before her departure
for Japan. Miss Loh
intends to live in
Japan. (Staff Photo-
grapher)



LEFT: Wedding at
the Registry, Supreme
Court, last Saturday
of Mr. Sydney Liu,
assistant editor of the
New Life Evening
Post, and Miss Anna
Young. (Staff Photo-
grapher)



MR Hui Bon Hoa and his bride, formerly Miss Wong Mi-lun. They were married at St Paul's Church last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



SCENE at Royal Hongkong Defence Force Headquarters during the visit of Lt-Gen. Sir Francis Festing, Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces. General Festing (tallest in centre) is watching men of "B" Coy, Hongkong Regiment, at Bren gun practice. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Crowds at last Saturday's Michaelmas Fair watch delightedly as a clown loads children down the giant slide. Proceeds from the fair will go towards equipping St John's Cathedral's new hall. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Guests at the birthday party of Miss Eleanor Chung last Saturday. Miss Chung is seated fifth from left. (Ming Yuen)



GROUP picture taken at the wedding of Mr Victor Noel Castro and Miss Joyce Pomeroy at the Star of the Sea Church, San Francisco. Both bride and groom were formerly of Hongkong. (Vinco Tavares)



SECOND birthday party of Julia, daughter of Lt-Comd and Mrs F. W. Bradburn. Julia is seated on the floor third from left. (Ming Yuen)



CAESAR COELHO (right), the new Colony lawn bowls singles champion. He beat Joe Lux (left) at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

TAILORING DEPARTMENT

A DISCOUNT

Mr. C. K. Chang is now the cutter in charge of our Tailoring Department. To facilitate its expansion a discount of 20% is being given on all bespoke garments. This offer expires on Saturday, November 6th.

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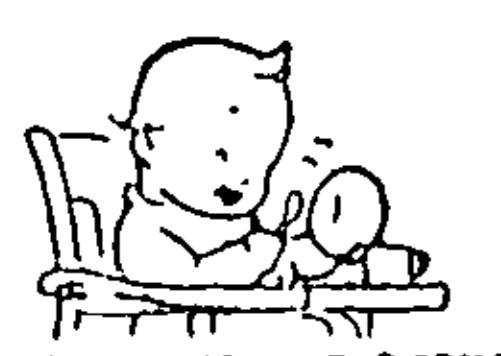
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WANTS SOMEHOW TO EXPRESS HIS CUTEFULNESS, BEATS HIS TRAY WITH SPOON



FEELS THAT A GOOD LIVELY NOSE JUST ANSWERS HIS MOOD BEATS ON HIS TRAY



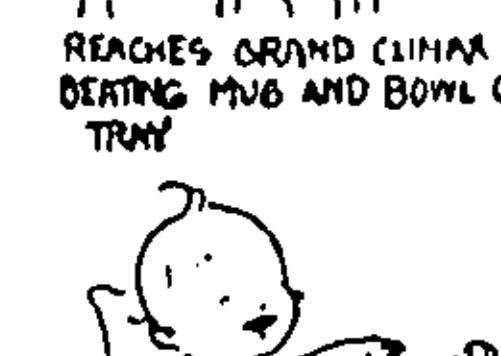
BEATS ON HIS MUG WITH SPOON - THAT'S A MERRY SOUND!



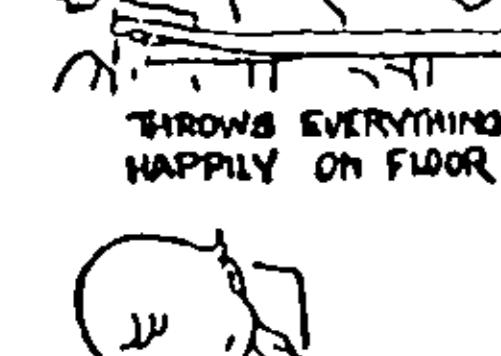
HOLDS DOWN AND MUG TOGETHER



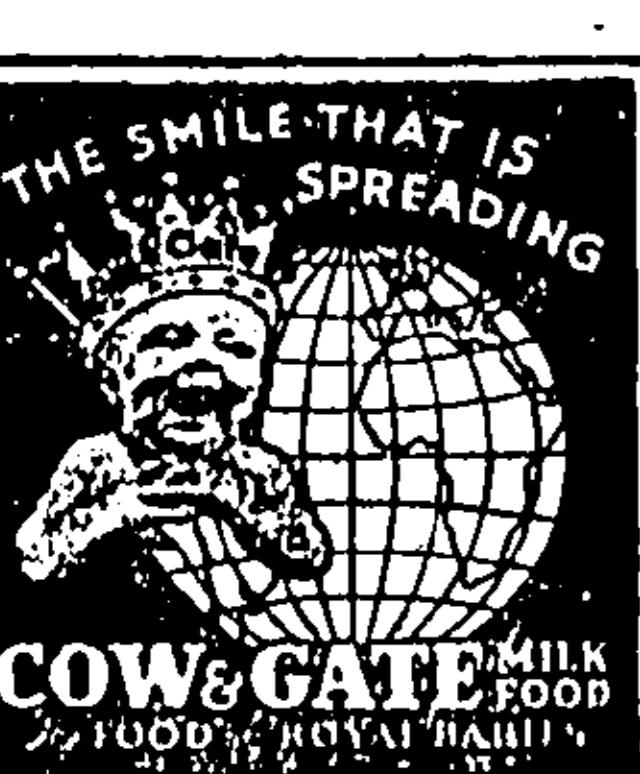
BEATS MUG ON TRAY



THROWS EVERYTHING HAPPILY ON FLOOR



AND GOES TO SLEEP



PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Knit While You Relax

BEADED EVENING JUMPER

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. Sirdar to the opposite edges by casting Majestic 2 ply wool, 1 pair of off 1 st. at the beg. of the 2nd, No. 10, 12 and 14 needles. 2 4th, 6th and 8th rows, and inc. packets of beads. Blue binding.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit up rows for shoulder shaping to 34 inch bust.

TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; inc, increase; dec, decrease; tog, together; beg, beginning; rep, repeat; cont, continue; patt, pattern.

LEFT FRONT

Thread about one-third of a packet of beads on a ball of wool, then with No. 10 needles, cast on 139 sts. Change to No. 12 needles. K 1 row, then work as follows:

1st row: Right side. P. 3, * push up bead to st hold firmly with thumb of left hand, p. into back of next st. (In future referred to as Bead). P. 11, rep. from * ending last rep. with p. 3, instead of p. 11.

2nd row: K.

3rd row: Cast off 1 st. K to end.

4th row: P. inc. in 1st st.

5th row: Cast off 1 st. p. until 7 sts. on right hand needle, * Head, p. 11, rep. from * ending with p. 10.

6th, 7th and 8th rows: As 2nd, 3rd and 4th rows.

Cont. to work thus casting off 1 st. at the beg. of the 1st, 3rd, 5th and 7th patt. rows and inc. 1 st. at shoulder edge every 4th row—working in the beads every 4th row—inmediately above the beads of 8 rows below.

When 117 sts. remain, ending at the shoulder edge. Cast off 50 sts. on No. 10 needles for armhole. Work 10 rows in patt. still casting off 1 st. at lower edge. Cast off remaining sts. on No. 10 needles.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as given for the Left Front but reversing the shapings.

BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 67 sts. Change to No. 12 needles, k. 1 row.

1st and 2nd rows: As the 1st and 2nd rows of Left Front.

3rd, 7th and 8th rows: As the 2nd, 3rd and 4th rows.

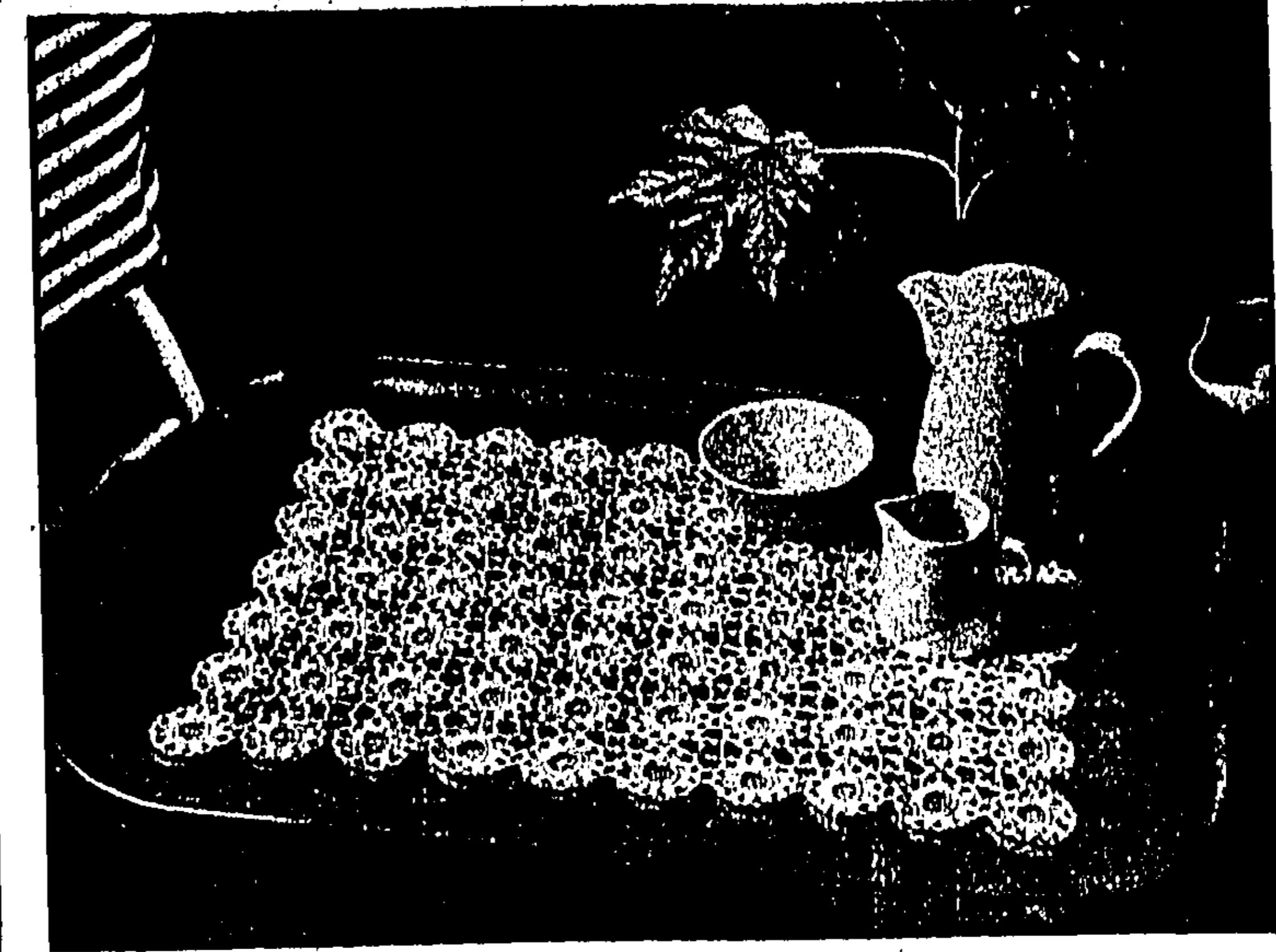
Cast on 50 sts. at the beg. of the next row for armhole, then in continuity of the bead patt.—the 1st row will read p. 5, instead of p. 3—work thus keeping the lower edge straight inc. 1 st. at shoulder edge every following 12th row until work measures the same as shoulder edge of fronts. Mark this point with a coloured cotton. Work 8 inches without shaping. Mark this point. Then acc. 1st st. at shoulder edge every following 12th row until some width as first side up to marker. Cast off 50 sts. for armhole. Work 8 rows straight then cast off remaining sts.

WELTS

With No. 14 needles pick up and k. 132 sts. along lower edge of back. Work in k. 1, p. rib for 3 inches. Cast off ribways with No. 12 needles. Place the two front lower edges together about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in from each side edge and then pick up and k. 132 sts. along the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch single material then through the double material of both pieces then through the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ inch at other end. Work in rib for 3 inches, cast off ribways with No. 12 needles.

TO COMPLETE GARMENT

Join the shoulder seams and side seams. Face front edges and armhole edges with blue binding, drawing in the outer edges lightly. Press the seams.



Daisy Tray Cloth

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.), 3 balls selected colour. Milwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 3. (Slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

TENSION: Size of motif = 1¾ in. (4.5 cm.).

MEASUREMENTS: 12½ in. x 17½ in. (31 cm. x 44.5 cm.)

ABBREVIATIONS: ch—chain; sc—single; dc—double; c—cluster; dbl tr—double treble; sp—space.

FIRST MOTIF

Wind thread 12 times round little finger and remove from finger.

1st Row: Into ring work 48 dc-1 ss into first dc.

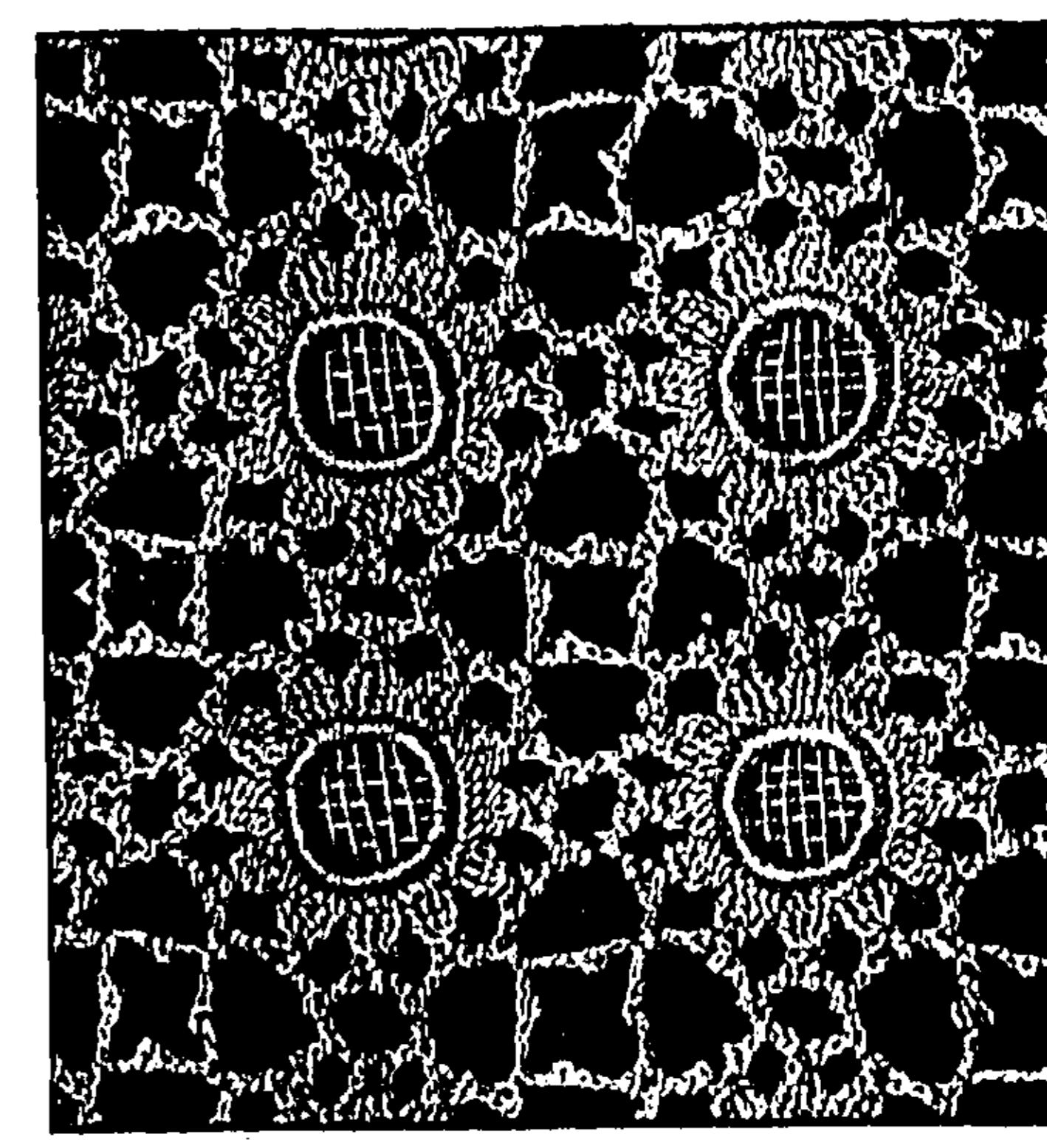
2nd Row: 4 ch, 1 dbl tr into each of next 3 dc leaving the last loop on each hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made), 3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook—pict motif) 3 times, a 4 dbl tr cluster over next 4 dc, repeat from * ending with (3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook) 3 times, 1 sc top of first cluster. Fasten off.

SECOND MOTIF

Work as for first motif until first row has been completed.

2nd Row: 4 ch, make a cluster over next 3 dc, 3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook, 2 ch, 1 sc into centre picot of any loop on first motif, 1 ch, 1 dc into first of 2 ch on second motif, 3 ch, 1 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook, complete as for first motif.

Make 7 rows of 10 motifs joining adjacent sides as second motif was joined to first motif, leaving one loop free between joinings.



FILL-IN-LACE

Attach thread to centre picot of free loop on any motif, 1 dc into same place, (6 ch, 1 dc into 3rd ch from hook, 2 ch, 1 dc into first of 2 ch on next motif) 3 times, 2 ch, picot, 2 ch, 1 sc into first dc. Fasten off.

Fill in all sgs the same way. With a needle and thread weave fill-in-lace in back of ring on each motif as illustrated. Damp and press.

Facts About Vitamin C For Your Menu Guidance

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

HOW often should Vitamin C (ascorbic acid) be replenished in the body?

"Every day," answers this often-asked question. Is the Vitamin C content of all citrus juices the same?

By way of answer, here is a recent report from the scientists of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation on the nutritional composition of frozen concentrated citrus juices.

The average Vitamin C content of citrus juices—40 milligrams in a six fluid ounce serving ($\frac{1}{4}$ cup)—indicates their importance as a reliable source of ascorbic acid.

Essentially Identical

The proximate composition of frozen concentrated grapefruit, grapefruit-orange, orange juice and lemonade were found to be essentially identical.

The report ends with these welcome words:

"A $\frac{1}{4}$ cup serving of any of these contributes only 33 calories."

Does Vitamin C lose its efficiency when cooked?

The answer to this is that it loses part if subjected to high heat. That is why, when possible, we add lemon or orange juice to cold or cooling mixtures.

The following orange-meringue pie is a pleasant example of the way a 6 ounce tin of undiluted fresh-frozen orange juice concentrate can be used in making a delicious dessert, without the loss of Vitamin C.

Orange-Meringue Chiffon Pie:

Bake a 9" pie pastry shell.

Put the contents 1 envelope unflavoured gelatin in a small saucucer with $\frac{1}{4}$ c. milk.

Next, in a double boiler top, combine 1 c. milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar. Stir over heat; then set aside.

Separate 2 eggs. Beat the yolks with 1 tbs. cold milk; stir into the hot milk. Boiling.

Return to the double boiler top and cook-sir over hot (not



MADE WITH fresh-frozen orange juice, eggs, milk and gelatin, Vitamin C.

bubbling) water until the mixture thickens and coats the spoon. Remove from the hot water.

Add the softened gelatin; stir until dissolved. Cool 5 min.

Sir in the contents 1 (6 oz.) tin thawed, fresh-frozen orange juice (undiluted). Cool at room temperature.

Then fold in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. heavy cream whipped stiff.

Refrigerate 4 hrs. or until firm.

Before serving, edge with a meringue made by beating the leftover two egg whites until stiff with $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar.

Dust the meringue with a little cinnamon.

Dinner:

Sardine Sandwiches

Baked Fish Fillets

Baked Quartered Potatoes

Baked Onions

Gingerbread Squares

Coffee, Tea, Milk

Baked Fish Fillets Brushed

With Lemon Juice

With Pepper

Place in an oiled baking pan.

Add hot water to barely cover the bottom.

Bake 30 min. in a moderate oven, 375°-400° F.

Baked Onions: Peel and halve

1 doz. small onions. Place in a

casserole with $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water, salt,

pepper and 2 tbsp. butter.

Bake 30 min. in a moderate

oven, 375°-400° F.

Baked Potatoes: Diced

Onion

Orange-Meringue Chiffon Pie

Coffee, Tea, Milk

Trick Of The Chef

Dust fish fillets before baking with powdered sugar.

Her One-year Plans Make Her Look Forward To Her Birthdays

By ANNE HEYWOOD

"I HAVE a good trick for licking the age bugaboo," a cheerful woman writes. "I'm seventy-three years young, but it isn't just an accident. I planned it that way!"

"Ever since my fiftieth birthday," she continued, "I've had one-year plans.

"Things had come to a full stop. My husband was dead in his work and the children were launched on lives of their own, but was just trudging water. So I decided to study some new subject every year, the rest of my life."

"I made a list of the things that sort of interested me, and that I'd never had time to study.

"You know, there's nothing like variety and this plan of mine sure gives me plenty of that!"

"Every year I meet new people and learn new things. It makes my reading more significant and it makes my conversation more fascinating—mostly because I listen more!"

"I save up the scrapbooks which give me a very good reference library of my own.

"Some of the skills I keep, like the Spanish which I love. Others go by the board, like the slip covers, which I never did get really good at."

"But the best part of all is that I honestly look forward to birthdays! And how many people in their seventies can say that?"



BING CROSBY WRITES A CANDID CONFESSION

I HAD a letter this week from Bing Crosby. It is a remarkable letter—a letter which will provoke comment wherever the name Crosby is known, and will be quoted and commented upon around the world.

For in this letter Bing, "The Old Groaner," sets out some

of the mellow, good-natured philosophy of his life and his work.

Crosby has known more success than anyone else in the popular field—and now he explains how he feels about the other side of success.

His letter to me is prompted by my remarks in a column not long ago about the imitable Crosby being "Inimitable" no longer.

In fact I said some of his imitators, like Dean Martin, Perry Como, and Dave King, seemed to be doing better than the original.

Is old Crosby read my comments and this is what he has to say...

"I'VE STRETCHED
A TALENT SO
THIN IT IS
ALMOST
OPAQUE"

Hayden Lake, Idaho.

DEAR CYRIL,
SOMETIME, identity un-
disclosed, sent me a copy of your column—the one you did recently entitled "Is Bing Going Out?—Or Has He Gone?"

The first, I think, too, because of your query had to be answered bluntly. I do "look" out—but, as you infer in your column, I'm not too depressed about it.

Actually, I think I've received a talent which is so thin that it's almost opaque over a quite invariable term of years. So of them are really—and the fact, the end, for my records can stand to a faint whisper—is no surprise to me because I've more or less been expecting it for 15 years.

It's so much that people grow tired of hearing so much of the same voice, although that's certainly reason enough, but the real reason is a little more basic.

I just can't sing as well as I used to, and there's a pretty good reason for that, too. I'm just not as enthusiastic as I used to be. The fact is, so far as here, the desire to sing, to be in

MY BIG HOPE

A LITTLE game of golf this

morning. First hole, and I was having a "toddle" for the "bogey" in the box. We got a few more and were reminded

about the old days, and I said, "Bing, would you be 21 and live through

it all once more?" And I said,

No man, no—could never be

so lucky again."

So I suppose I'll keep on

recording here and there and

Stapleton: This Is My Reply

T THAT is what Bing Cros-

by has to say. My

comments:

1. He is over-modest.

2. He can still teach style

to give points to everyone else

3. He is a happy sounding

singer whose good humour

is through in his songs as

much as in his writing.

3. His latest long-playing

album in which he sings together with Sinatra from the film "High Society" is a top seller in America today.

4. His brother and manager

Larry Crosby says: "We don't

think Bing is either going—or gone. He loves to sing too much." Agreed.

At an early date (1935) he found in himself strong affinities with the botanic side of life: "Winter Sweet seems to like me very much... it waves its long thin fingers at me every winter, and they are jewelled with tiny rings," etc., etc.

He responded with a like

passion. He stooped to crime:

Once in a greenhouse at Kew he stole a cutting: "Surely it did

not matter, taking one . . .

especially when I could provide it with such a happy home."

MR NICHOLS HIDES IN THE BUSHES

—When he sees his first Eucryphia

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

SUNLIGHT ON THE LAWN.

By Beverley Nichols. Cape. 16s. 255 pages.

EVERY 10 years Beverley Nichols sells a house. A house with a garden which he has made beautiful with his own gloved hands, plus some help with the rough work. A house about which, taking his gloves off, he has profitably written books.

By the time Nichols sells a house it is of no further use to him as a literary property.

In 1930, he sold "Always" a cottage in Huntingdonshire, which as the inspiration of "Down The Garden Path" had made £25,000 for him in royalties.

In 1940, he sold 1, Ellerdale Close, Hamps. (ed. "Greens The City").

And in the summer of 1956, he put up for sale "Merry Hall" at Ashtead, "in a quiet position, amidst delightful rural surroundings... The exquisite gardens are a great feature," (choose agents' advertisement).

Readers of "Merry Hall" will not need to be told whose gloved hands made "the exquisite gardens."

Strong opinions

In his time, Beverley Nichols has had several strong, but brief, opinions. He had a flirtation with Nazism, a brush with the Oxford Group, and a quarrel with pacifism ("I would rather fight under the white flag than under the Union Jack") was followed by an estrangement. But in gardening he has remained faithful.

To him it has been hobby, consolation and asset. "Smell the intoxicating scent of the earth and you won't want a cocktail."

And, when war came, "It is a nice thought that Hitler has no power over a snowdrop."

At an early date (1935) he found in himself strong affinities with the botanic side of life: "Winter Sweet seems to like me very much... it waves its long thin fingers at me every winter, and they are jewelled with tiny rings," etc., etc.

He responded with a like

passion. He stooped to crime:

Once in a greenhouse at Kew he stole a cutting: "Surely it did

not matter, taking one . . .

especially when I could provide it with such a happy home."

There is a moment, described in "Sunlight On The Lawn," when Nichols, calling on Lord Aberconway, owner of the world-famous garden at Bodnant, had just rung the bell. Then he glanced over his shoulder and saw his first Eucryphia

So shattering

"The impact was so shattering that it would have been quite impossible to go in and meet the family, and make polite conversation, until one had got one's breath."

So Mr Nichols hid in a rhododendron bush, to be bewildered by the belligerent buller, until his emotional storm had subsided.

Fascinated by the Nichols style, wearing its long, thin fingers, jewelled with tiny rings, overcome by the frankness of his confessions ("I may at times have dabbed a little paint on one of the tiles or heightened the flush on the cheek of a rose"),

the careless reader, the flush on his own cheeks heightened by embarrassment, may overlook the most important fact about a Nichols book.

It is the work of a very shrewd man. Nichols knows what he is doing; knows how far he can go; and knows when the little smile of self-mockery is needed to save his prose from complete mawkishness.

• THE EMPRESS FREDE-
ICK, DAUGHTER OF QUEEN
VICTORIA. By Richard Barkley. Macmillan. 30s. 322 pages. Queen Victoria could not forget that the Crown Princess of Prussia (later Empress Frederick) was her daughter. The Empress could

wondering how often, under the influence of the Nichols style, wearing its long, thin fingers, jewelled with tiny rings, overcome by the frankness of his confessions ("I may at times have dabbed a little paint on one of the tiles or heightened the flush on the cheek of a rose"),

I KICKED HER IN THE BUSTLE SAID GEORGE MOORE

GM: Memories of George Moore. By Nancy Cunard. Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s. 206 pages.

plump, naughty and talented writer who was in love with her mother and whom she knew from schoolroom days.

Yet the reader cannot help wondering how often, under how many windows in Paris, George Moore had stopped with some attractively young friend, and said, "Yes, it was there!" For he was a dedicated man, and the twin objects of his devotion were the pursuit of women and the invention of stories.

Literary luck

Nancy Cunard, in an affectionate book (occasionally precious in an old-fashioned way), rebuilds, in a series of anecdotes, Moore's wayward personality. Thus she may help to bring his books back to favour. It takes a writer's reputation 30 years to recover from his death. Seven years, seven years must pass before Moore's posthumous literary luck is likely to turn.

His style is too careful, too smooth and self-conscious for modern taste. The subjects he chose do not as a rule interest a new generation. His prejudices have a faded look. Even his famous naughtiness hardly shocks.

Yet "Hall and Farewell," a three-volume account of Moore's adventures in the Irish Renaissance, is one of the most gaily malicious autobiographies of the century.

Hearing that his native Ireland was in the throes of a revival of her letters, Moore rushed to Dublin where he collaborated in a play with W. B. Yeats, who looked "like a large rolled-up umbrella left behind by some picnic party."

The play, on an ancient Irish theme, was to be in the Irish language which neither Moore nor Yeats knew. Moore decided he would write it more easily in French. Yeats agreed enthusiastically.

Light came

From French it would be turned into English by Lady Gregory, then into Irish by an expert named Tagore O'Donoghue, back into Irish-English by Lady Gregory. After that, Yeats "would put it into English."

Moore laboured hard at his patriotic task until one day a light flashed: "What a damned fool a clever man like Yeats can be when he is in the mood!"

In truth, between Moore and Ireland was a gulf yawning. Ireland was—and is—practical. Moore had been a young man in Paris who liked the society of attractive women and liked, after the affair, to talk about it to other attractive women.

Tired of being kept dangling by one brilliant and adored creature whom he had met at a banquet in the Savoy Hotel, the frustrated author behaved impulsively.

"I lifted my foot and kicked her... while we were walking and arguing in the park. I will say it was nearly dark and the park almost deserted. I kicked her in the behind—in the bustle, if you prefer—and, of course, after that . . ."

The guest

Nancy Cunard's memories of this egotistical yet attractive Irishman begin at the time when he used to stay as guest of his family in a vast house in Leicestershire. There he killed his pet dog, while showing off his dancing ("I was a star at the Boston two-step"); and went country walking with his bowler hat, button boots, wide trousers, and umbrella.

Nancy Cunard has displayed a quaint and delightful mannerisms. For instance, she always books the whole room when she goes down, guests and all.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Just A Sandwich

BY HARRY WEINERT



To Play Golf And Enjoy It You Don't Have To Know The Language

Says BOB FERRIER

We banana-ed it into the jaggies from the gipsy, used the leather mashie, then lawn-ed it with timber and boxed it with the jerking iron for a tray. We spent out of town with the harpoon and the porter dropped the gladstone and scampered.

No. Scatters and Secondo and cost. And they have a flow of Miligan chattering, but merely the game of golf, and its impudentia, as she might be played around the caddie room.

I—"We hooked into rough from the tee, kicked the ball on to a good lie, hit it on to the green, with a wood shot, then putted into the hole for a score of three."

"We went out of bounds with a spoon shot and the caddie dropped the bag and quit."

Picturesque speech and patter has reached such a pitch with caddies and with some of the younger professionals that phrase-book will soon be packed in every golf bag.

BIZARRE NAMES

Caddies, of course, are a strange romany breed. Like prize-fight managers, they never collect a blow struck in anger, but always they are in there punching and patching with the best of them. Like prize-fight managers, and not to mention royalty and editors, they use nothing but the exclusive and collectively "we."

They have bizarre names like Mack the Knife, Jaffu Wrigg and Man Friday.

They travel expertly over hundreds of miles at minimum

language more than somewhat fungful.

The most prominent interlocutor of the dialogue—a compound of Cockney rhyming slang and American—was Tony Harman, the Royal Berkshire assistant, and Peter Mills, of West Hill.

So, with acknowledgement to the well-known double act, Marman and Mills, I present Ferrier's rambours of words and phrases, intended to offer a lighter side to the whole dire foursome business of pursuing the p.t.i.

Wooden clubs are respectively known as the Lady Godiva, the Lancashire Lassie and The Harpoon, known collectively as timber.

Going through the iron we have Deuce, Tray, Roff, Beeseye, Tom Mix, Pennies From, and Garden Gate. This can also apply to the score you make on a hole.

The putter is the Dabster or Jerking Iron. The bag is the Cuse or Gladstone. The caddie is the Cadbury, Slave or Porter. A trolley is a Steel Jockey. The teeing ground is the Gipsy Lee. The green is the Magazine Sward, or Lawn.

The "Leather Mashie" is the one that paralyses me. When a ball is imbedded in rough, and



Brookshaw "See-saw" and Tom Haliburton, of Wentworth, is "The Dean of Old Windsor." "The WHOLESALE"

There it is. A course of lessons from Mensis Harmon and Mills I can get for you—wholesale. But promise not to use it with—

A European Soccer League I Believe Would Bring Back The Missing Millions

Says DON REVIE

We are on the threshold of a glittering new era in Soccer. While the politicians debate about a Customs Union with Europe, it seems fairly certain that we shall soon be importing into this country the top European teams to compete with the best in Britain. In other words a Soccer Customs Union.

Soccer needs a shot in the arm to bring back the glitter and appeal it used to have for the masses. And it looks as though the rulers of the game are moving forward to the idea of a Super Soccer League.

For years we have been in splendid isolation on the sports front. But the public's appetite has been whetted by the occasional glimpses they have had of the crack Continental sides.

Last year the European Cup was launched. At first, in Britain—once Chelsea, the League champions withdrew—there was not great deal of interest.

But when the Final in Paris was televised through the Eurovision network, many Soccer fans were eager to know what it was all about.

Since then Manchester United's sensational start in this season's competition—remember they pushed out the Belgian champions Antwerp by scoring 12 goals to nil in the two legs—has roused the whole body of Soccer fans in Britain.

The tide is now swinging

open for more and wider competition with European clubs instead of playing the closed season friendlies.

Why not a European Super Soccer League? Instead of this being open to the League champion of each country, it could be thrown open to the top four clubs in the English First Division and the FA Cup finalists. And we must include the Irish and Scots as well.

In this way we would be in close contact with the development of the game on the Continent. We have much to learn from them. They have much to learn from us.

CONTINENTAL COACHING

And it would be a fine idea if some of our brilliant young players could be sent over to Saturday night football—all signs of change in the game set-up.

Very soon the Third Division clubs meet to talk over that thorny topic of revising the Football League so that there will be four Divisions.

There must be room in this country for Soccer's lower classes. Small towns are entitled to League football, pro-

viding they have the support, but we must also not lose sight of the bright hopes of the future, with the top Continentals coming to Britain in glamour fixtures.

Make no mistake, we are living in a changing world of Soccer, and changes there must be if football is to compete with the many other entertainments.

I am sure that all Tom Finney's many friends and fans—if there is any—will be pleased to hear that Tom had not broken his leg as was at first feared when he was carried off on a stretcher during the Newcastle match.

Football fans would love it. After all, over 40,000 braved a wet night in Manchester to see Mait Busby's team trample the Belgian champions to a 10-0 defeat.

I think if we opened the gates to the Continentals, it could give further impetus to the game. It would help them to appreciate our point of view; and we their ideas on the game. It would bring us closer together through sport—and it would, I feel sure, lead to a more uniform interpretation of the laws.

Referees from all countries could come together to attend periodic courses to iron out differences of opinion on such things as (a) obstruction, which is so prevalent on the Continent; (b) our method of shoulder charging; and (c) that big cleavage of opinion as to whether goalkeepers should be charged or not.

An advertisement in the

CHINA MAIL

GOES TO CUSTOMERS
instead of waiting for them to come to you
Use the **CHINA MAIL** regularly

SALES SHOW OUR BREEDERS SHOULD KEEP GOOD MARES

By RICHARD BAERLEIN

London. The 1956 yearling sales are now over, and the results have exceeded the expectations of even the most optimistic breeder. The averages throughout the season are only slightly down on last year—but buyers have not been put off by political situations or financial restrictions.

The fact that at least four individual owners were prepared to go to five figures for the Court Martial colt out of Refreshed shows just how strong the market really is if the proper article is offered.

Mr Gerald Askew has done the bloodstock industry of the British Isles a great service by buying Refreshed against all foreign competition.

He has not half hit money back at the first time of asking, and with ordinary luck the mare—instead of proving one of the most expensive of all time—was suggested when he bought her—will actually prove one of the greatest bargains.

SNAPPED UP

Unfortunately, too many breeders put some of their best mares on the market at a time when prices appeared to be high.

These mares were readily snapped up by American buyers. Now there are not enough choice-bred top-quality colts coming into the sale ring to satisfy the demand.

And the fact that Sir Gordon Richards, for example, has been able to purchase only three colts during the whole season—although he has been persistently on the watch for the right article—gives some indication of the shortage.

HANG ON

The real trouble in the past 10 years has been that many breeders, especially the large owner-breeders, have not done enough culling of their inferior animals.

It is the inferior stuff which should be weeded out at every available opportunity.

Those breeders who have sold high-class mares recently would have stood to make almost as much from the sale of one yearling from these mares as they got for the mare itself.

While there are not enough top quality colts and fillies appearing in the sale ring to satisfy the demand, there is far too much inferior stuff on offer.

If only breeders would keep their good mares and cull their bad ones, I am quite sure they would not only improve their studs, and make greater profits, but would help the British blood-stock industry in general.

A psychological point which many breeders appear to overlook is the value of reserves.

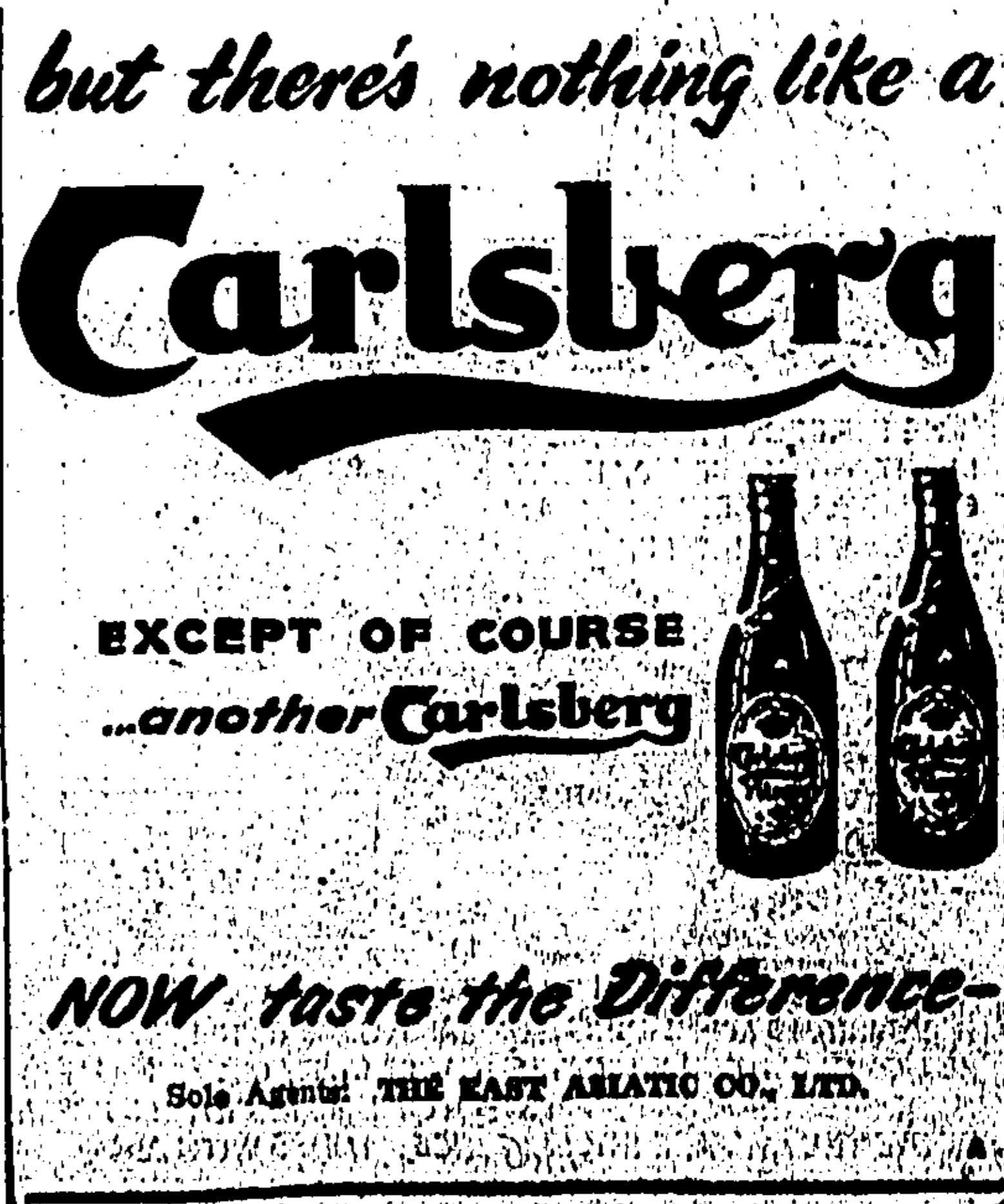
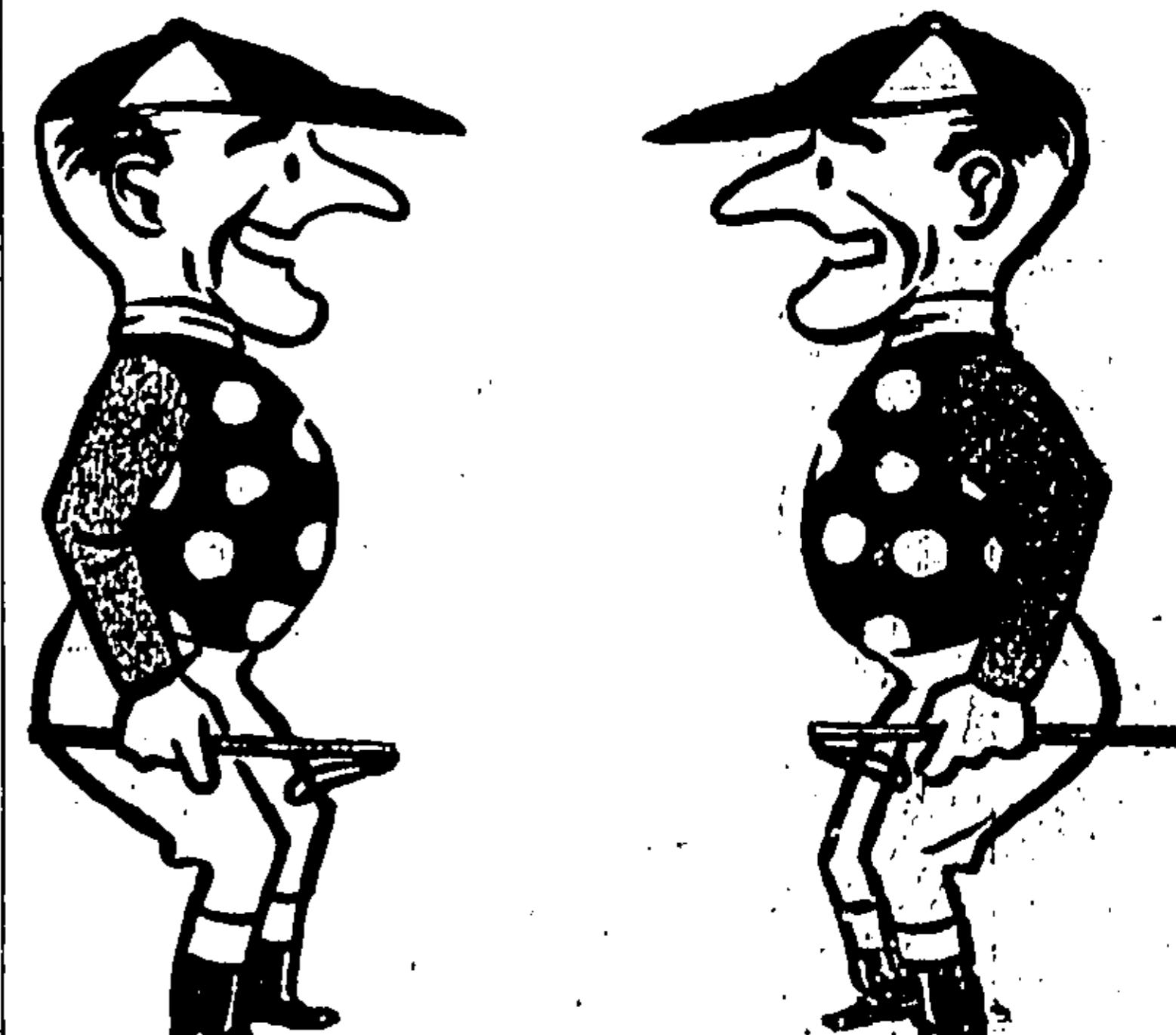
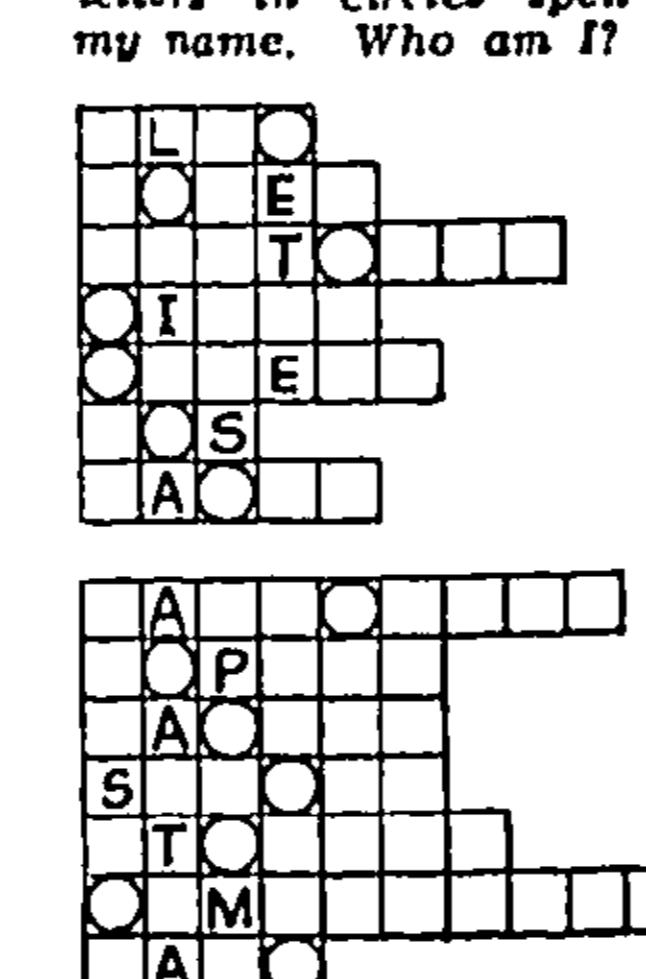
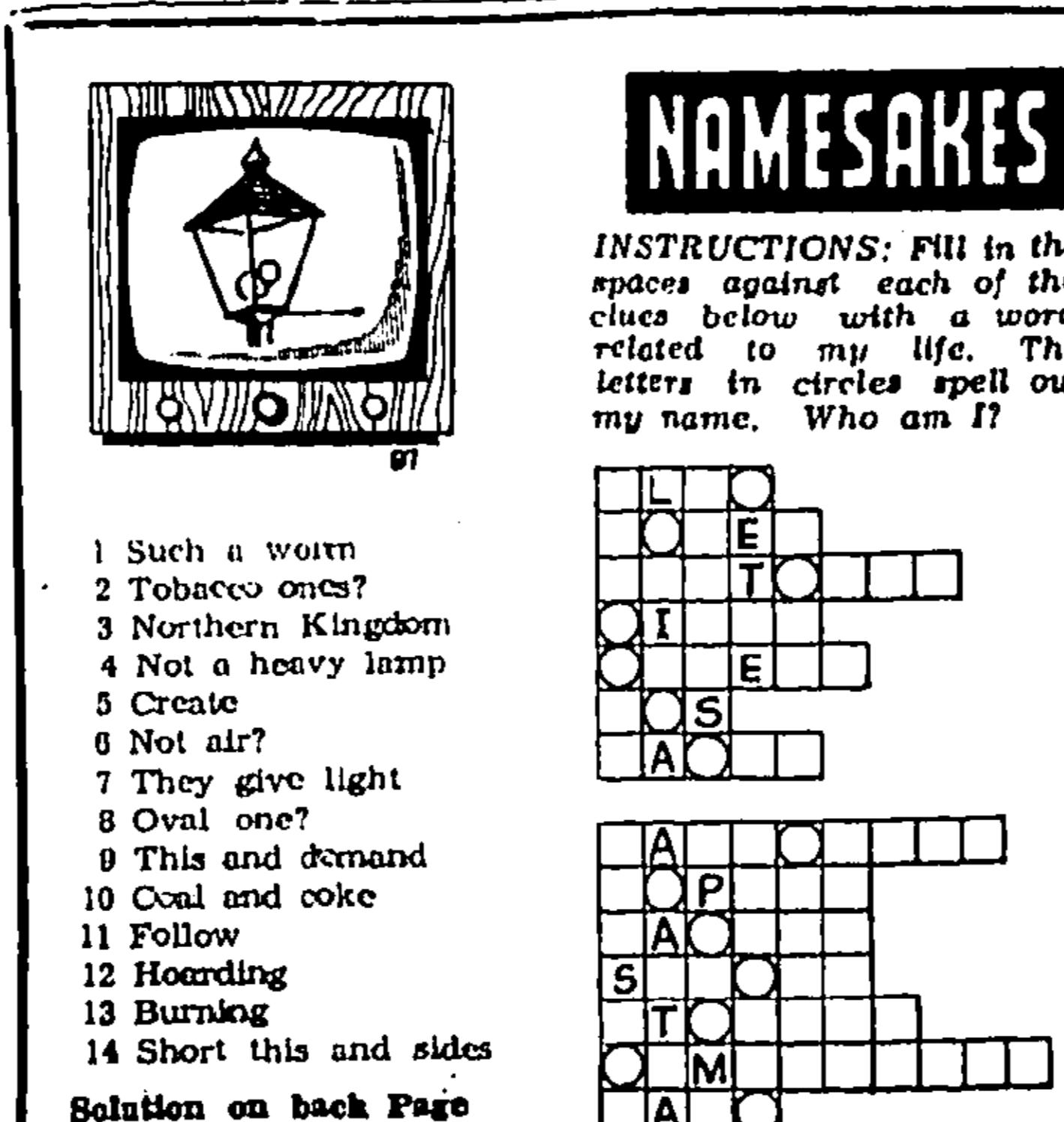
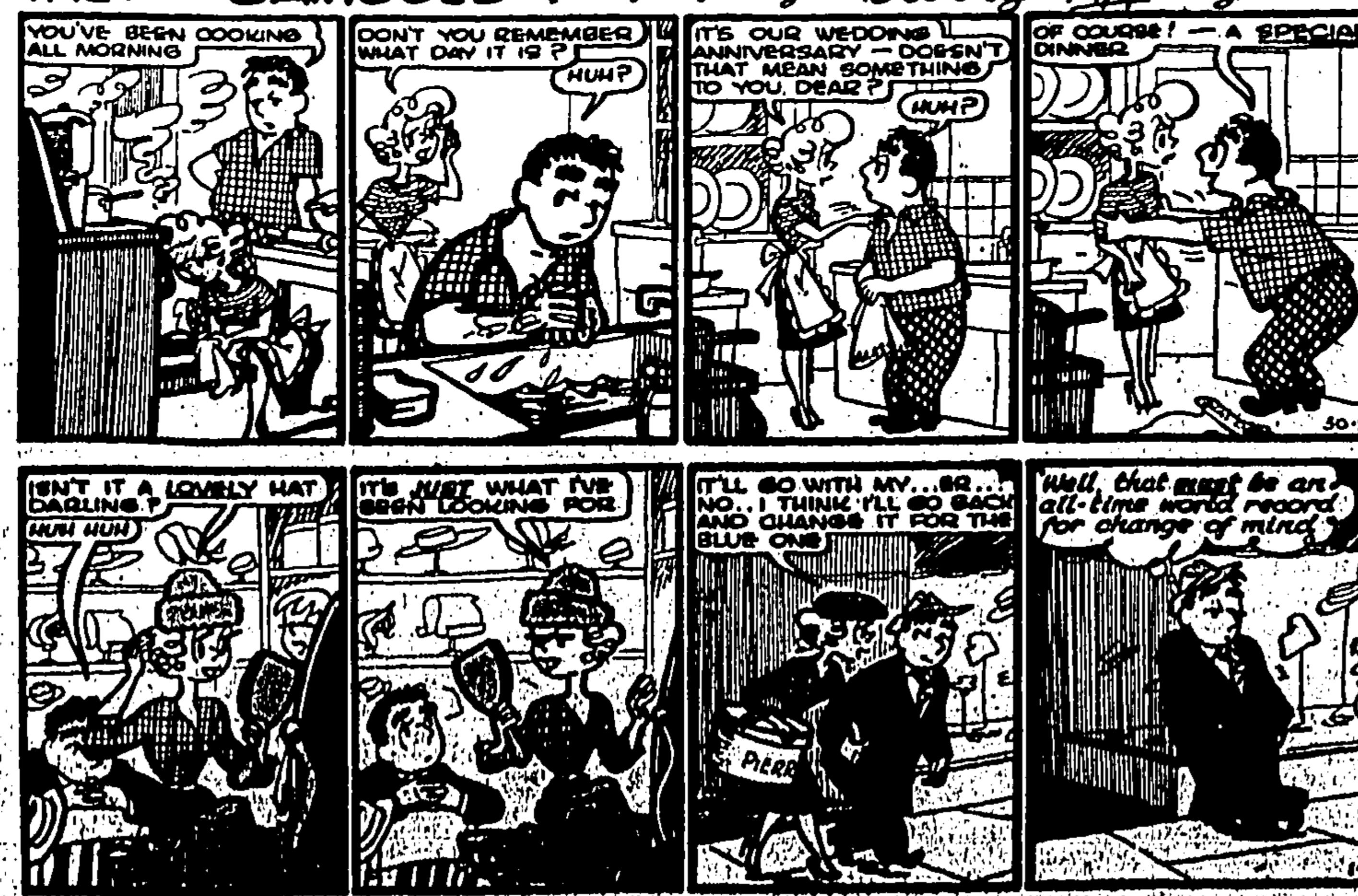
NOT SO KEEEN

A buyer will step into an open market, willing to bid against valuations of other buyers.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Borotra, Perry, Budge, Kramer.
2. Denis Compton, Stanley Matthews, Archie Moore.
3. Ezzard Charles.
4. Hop, step and jump.
5. Speedway, athletics, cricket, (a) yachting (b) rowing (c) fencing.
10. Lancashire.

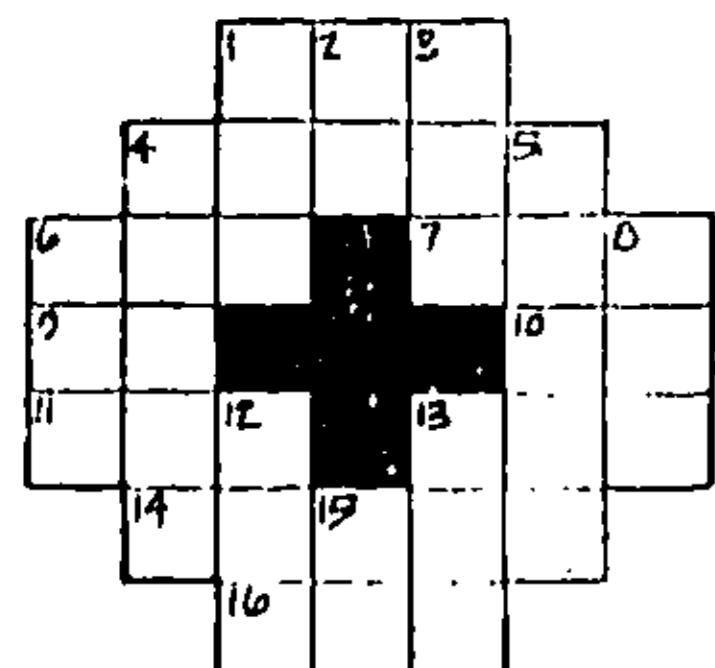
THE WEEKEND GAMBOLES . . .



FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



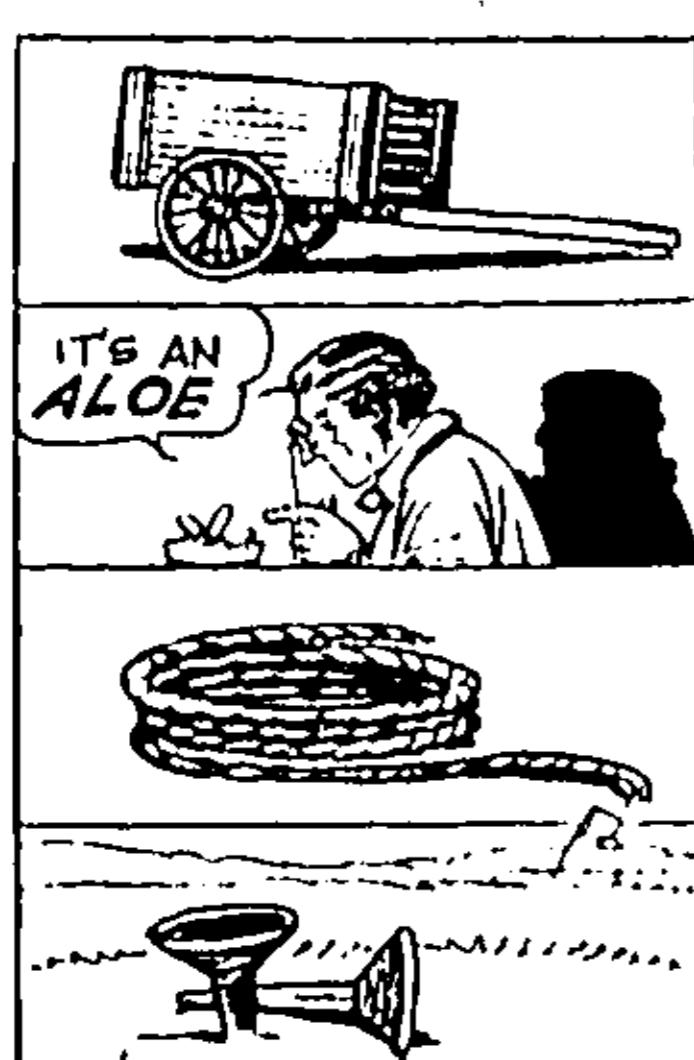
TRIANGLE

Here's a word triangle based on a horse's CANTER. The second word is "father"; third "a male person"; fourth "market"; and fifth "to analyze a sentence". Finish the triangle from the clues:

C
A
N
T
E
CANTER

PICTURE WORD SQUARE

Substitute a four-letter word for each picture and you'll find they read the same down as across when you list them in order:



SCRAMBLED ADDITION

Add a letter to a two-letter word for "bather" and scramble for "finer"; and another letter and scramble for "fish fuel" repeat and have "to talk fully", once more and have a surgical saw."

MATCH 'EM

The Puzzlement has mixed up his pairs of words. Can you match them correctly?

CLOAK	CAR
CAP	PAW
WAGON	TALON
TAXI	ORGAN
FOOT	CAPE
CLAW	HAT
PIANO	DRAY

(Solutions on Page 20)

Olympic Stamp From West Germany

THE Olympic Games are always a worthy occasion for something new in stamps. As the day draws nearer for the Games to open in Melbourne next month, various countries are rushing out novelties in commemorative stamp designs.

One particularly the stamp of West Germany, reproduced in dark green with the Olympic symbol—five rings representing the five continents—entwined in white.

The face value of the stamp is 10 pfennigs. The figure 1 is made up of what is sometimes called a Greek-key pattern.

The figure 0 is made to represent the stadium, running track and the central arena.

The Greek-key symbols are interesting because they reflect the origin of the Games in ancient Greece. Legend says that a torch was lit from the rays of the sun and carried by relays of runners to the stadium, where it burned for the Games' duration.

The torch still plays its part today. Runners carry it from the lighting ceremony in Greece over the first stages of the journey to where the athletes meet.

WHO

THE FIREFLY PRODUCES A LIGHT WITHOUT ANY HEAT OR LOSS OF ENERGY, AN ACCOMPLISHMENT THAT MAN HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO ACHIEVE...

TRY IT YOURSELF.

THE POPULAR NOTION THAT...

ARE "SILLY" IS MISLEADING, FOR...

COME TO THE SURFACE...

EVEN ONE TO TWO...

MOST SPECIES ARE AS BIRDS GO...

ABOVE THE AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE, LIVING WITH HAIR...

How 'It Rained Cats And Dogs'

DID you ever hear someone say, "It rained cats and dogs?"

Once upon a time, up on one of those puffy white clouds, the Dog Maker had his workshop. (Cats were down on a different cloud.)

One afternoon he began work on a little brown dog. He reached into a drawer and brought out a cute little puppy head with eyes like sweet brown chocolates.

"Now a shiny black nose . . ." and he grinned as he opened another drawer. (Think how funny a drawer filled with noses would look.)

★ ★ ★

Next he fitted a little muss-shaped body to the head, and then four sturdy legs and feet. "You are going to be a cute one," he said to the small dog fast taking shape in his quick fingers.

Then he yawned and the next thing you knew, he was dozing in his chair, leaving the little unfinished dog on the work table.

Little Dog wasted no time.

He should never have fooled around with the "Tail" drawer, for even the Dog Maker has trouble with it. The little short tails start quivering . . . but it's the big long tails that give the trouble.

The Dog Maker opens it just wide enough to reach in and come out fast with the tail he needs. But if he forgets and gives the drawer a yank, . . . i . . . yi . . . yi! The long plump tails swish and swish like mad.

A SHORT STORY ABOUT

How 'It Rained Cats And Dogs'

A PUPPY CAN'T OPERATE WITHOUT A TAIL... THINK I'LL TRY ONE ON FOR SIZE!



He chose four different barks and slipped them into his mouth all at once. They piled one on top of the other down in his throat and made him cough. Wow! Little Dog whistled and growled and barked and boggled all at one time until he sounded like the newest thing in air raid sirens.

"Don't be scared if you jump into some cats," he told Little Dog. "For the Cat Maker will be starting them off too. Nothing will hurt you. Nothing. Well, here you go! So long!"

The trip to earth didn't last long for Little Dog was busy trying not to get homesick trying to be a good dog.

There came a day when it was just right for "raining cats and dogs." The Dog Maker started him off, along with some more he had made.

"Don't be scared if you jump into some cats," he told Little Dog. "For the Cat Maker will be starting them off too. Nothing will hurt you. Nothing. Well, here you go! So long!"

The trip to earth didn't last long for Little Dog was busy trying not to get homesick trying to be a good dog.

Next thing he knew someone was holding him against a striped shirt and saying, "Oh, you cute pup! Look, Nancy, isn't he sharp?"

Then Nancy reached for him and hugged him close to her and Little Dog liked it.

"Let's take him into the house and show him to the family," she cried.

"Dad! Mother!" called David as the two headed for the house with Little Dog. And then as the door closed behind them, "Look what we have!"

and finally had them all back in the drawer.

All but one, which he fastened to the end of Little Dog. "There!" he said. "Now you really are a sassy little guy. Most of those tails would be too much for you. This one-inch is just your kind. It will wag often, if you can call it that, and everyone will say, 'My,

what a friendly little dog!'

"Now, for your bark . . . for you, a little three holes. One for the bark, one for the growl, and one for the woof. Draw in your breath and try them."

Little Dog tried each one three times until he had them perfect. Then he tried his woof and his tail wag together until he had that perfect also.

★ ★ ★

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—RUTH ECKMAN

The Adventure Of Fourteen-year-old Manjirō Nakahama

HOW would you like to be the first boy of your race to land in a foreign country?

That is what happened to Manjirō Nakahama, a 14-year-old Japanese boy, over one hundred years ago, when he landed in America.

Nakahama and two of his friends were deep sea fishing out from his homeland in the northern Pacific.

A terrible storm came up. At last they were washed ashore on a distant island, their boat wrecked.

Here the three boys suffered many days, from the heat by day and the cold by night, and no food. From a piece of their sail, they raised a distress signal. Many days later a United States naval vessel saw their signal and rescued the trio.



anxious parents. His letters were glowing with accounts of his adventure and his new friends.

At that time America was not trading with Japan. Commodore Perry was chosen by the government to go to that country and negotiate for opening commercial trade.

Now Commodore Perry could not speak the Japanese language. He would need an interpreter to accompany him.

The commander of the naval vessel that rescued those Japanese boys spoke up. He recommended a smart young man, a native of Japan.

When Commodore Perry sailed across the Pacific in 1852 on that important business between the United States and Japan, his interpreter was Manjirō Nakahama, the first Japanese boy to land in America.

—GENEVIEVE BRUNSON

Sounds At Midnight

—Mrs. Cuckoo Told Everybody All About Them—

By MAX TRELL

AT twelve o'clock every night, when everyone else in the house was fast asleep, Mrs. Cuckoo, who lived in Cuckoo Cottage, in the cuckoo clock, opened her front door and called out the time.

But she always did more than that. She would step outside her door, spread her wings and come flying down to the floor.

Visiting Hour

It was her visiting hour. She would spend the rest of the night visiting with General Tin, the Tin Soldier, who never went to sleep, Mr. Punch and his wife, Judy, who hardly ever went to sleep, and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, who seldom went to sleep, Knarf and Handi, the shadow children with the turned-about names, who often felt like going asleep but never did when Mrs. Cuckoo came calling.

"You have no idea," Mrs. Cuckoo said one evening after all her friends had sat themselves down in a circle around her, "how many things stay awake in a house after everyone is asleep. They talk and they sing . . . these things do . . . and sometimes they complain. And yet they never really disturb anyone."

Having heard this from Mrs. Cuckoo everyone now demanded to know what things she had in mind.

Under The Table

"Well," said Mrs. Cuckoo, making herself comfortable under the table, "I decided a night or two ago to take a little trip around the house. So at twelve o'clock, I opened my door, stretched my wings and finally went flying off.

"I decided to fly up to the attic and take a look around, then fly down to the cellar and take another look around."

"It was really quite late. Through the window I could see the moon beginning to sink behind the hills. There weren't any sounds at all from outside except the whisper of the wind as it blew through the leaves in the garden. Then I started flying

—Rupert and the Dog-roses—37



Through the window, Mrs. Cuckoo looked at the moon.

—and hopping, too, if you please up-the stairs.

Sound Of Creaking

"Hardly had I hopped half-way up when I heard the sound of creaking. First there was one creak, then another, then a third. Suddenly I realized that it was the steps that were creaking.

"Look here, Mrs. Cuckoo," cracked one of the steps in the middle, "this is no time for you to be hopping up and down on us. Isn't it enough that we are stepped on and jumped on all day long?"

"At first I didn't know what to answer. But suddenly all the steps started chuckling in a creaky-crunchy way. So I knew that they really weren't angry at all."

Here Handi interrupted to say: "Those steps were only stretching themselves. Mrs. Cuckoo. That's why they creaked."

"Perfectly correct, my dear," said Mrs. Cuckoo. "The boards in the floor stretch themselves, too. If you listen very carefully at night you often hear them."

Teddy asked: "Who else was awake?"

Mrs. Cuckoo went on.

Thirty Hinges

"As I was passing the door that leads into the attic I heard the sound of squeaking. It was the hinges on the door. They were squeaking because they were thirsty."

"Thirsty for a drink, Mrs. Cuckoo?" A drink of water?" asked Mr. Punch.

Mrs. Cuckoo shook her head.

"Not of water, but of oil. They were thirsty for a drink of oil. And when I reached the attic and heard the shakers jangling and the windows rattling, they were saying water to the wind."

"And they were in the cellar," Mrs. Cuckoo went on. "I heard the mice scurrying about, clicking their needles, as they spun their webs. And when I got back to the playroom again, what did I hear but the pleasant sound of oil?"

"What sound?" was the question everyone in the room wanted to know.

"It was the sound of the moon," said Mrs. Cuckoo, "saying goodnight to the stars and good morning to the sun."



discovered a new world. But that isn't true. According to all accounts he thought the islands he had discovered were near the coast of India, and so he called the natives "Indians."

It is true that on one of his later voyages Columbus landed on Jamaica. But it is NOT true that he found these natives friendly, as he had on his first voyage.

A paper weight can be made to match, of course, from the same mould. Omit the base.

You can also make bookends for your friends from their hand imprints. These will be attractive gifts. And once you're adept at this simple hobby, it can even help you earn some easy spare-time cash.

ECLIPSE

He asked the natives that if they did not provide for him the moon would be blacked out the following night.

The natives did not believe, of course, that such a thing could happen.

But when the moon did begin to darken they were terrified, and brought food and other supplies as fast as they could. They thought that Columbus was a god. If he could darken the moon, he had

Some people say that of their fear was that they thought they would be so far from home that they would not

survive.

Historians say that the chief reason for their fear was that they thought they would be so far from home that they would not

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13

BORN today, you have patience, endurance and a straightforward, clear-thinking mind. You are able to correlate facts, dull and dry as they may be, and present them in a highly entertaining and instructive manner. Since you are also fond of children, you would make a fine teacher or leader in educational ideas. You enjoy harmony and peace above everything else and will go the long way around to avoid getting into needless argument. Yet, if it becomes necessary to defend your ideals against criticism, you will be the first one to put up a fight!

Your memory is exceptional and you are always interested in progressive and novel ideas. Since you have a backlog of solid information upon which you may always call, you are able to judge whether a new idea is practical or merely a day-dream which cannot possibly be implemented. You have learned through experience what is good and what is false.

Since you are highly adaptable, you can fit into almost any type of environment with ease. Just make sure that, because of this, you don't endure situations which should be changed! In other words, don't let yourself get stuck on a routine job just because you are conscientious and accurate in detail. You are, by nature, a leader and should utilize this talent in your work. Your affections are strong and deep and your marriage should be an exceptionally happy one if you wed someone with similar cultural and intellectual background.

Among those born on this date were: Ferdinand VII, of Spain; Walter Gulman Page, artist; John Wesley Hoyt, educator; Molly Pitcher, patriot; Charles H. Stockton, naval hero; John Davies, noted engineer; and Irene Rich, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You can probably realize some long-hoped-for dream today. The stars are propitious for anything you wish to do.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Join friends and neighbours in some co-operative sports or relaxation. You may need a change of scene to let down tensions.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—Make this an important Sunday in your life. You may find that a special affair brings new friendships and perhaps a romantic.

CANCER (June 23-July 22)—Group activities are highly favoured. Perhaps it is your turn to invite the relatives to Sunday dinner!

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—This could be a good day for you to attend the yearly art of relaxation. You may need a change of scene to let down tensions.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you have been working too hard lately, check up on yourself. Get some rest and see that your diet is all right.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Morning services at your church may bring you real joy and inspiration. Also enjoy the company of close friends and relatives.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This is one of those forwarding-looking days and your future plans may come up for serious discussion after full consultations.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Your major interests should be well-expected at this time. Make important decisions after full consultations.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—There should be clear sailing for any of your efforts, so take advantage of all opportunities that come your way.

BORN today, you must learn to control your emotions and impulses. Let the practical and common-sense side of your nature exert itself and you will find that you will advance further in life. You have a fine mind; learn to use it. You have spirit and high temper. Learn to control both, for he who becomes master of himself can easily direct others. Interested in the exact sciences, you might seek a career in one of these fields. But you are not one-sided in your interests and have a variety of hobbies and occupational potentials which should bring you to a fairly early success.

You men have a good head for business and probably will accumulate something of a fortune during your lifetime. You have a fine memory and are able to recall facts, figures, names and faces with the greatest of ease. You are able to adjust yourself to routine but are, by nature, a leader and will be happiest when you are initiating the ideas rather than working out the details yourself. You can, however, when called upon, do both.

There is a strong spiritual side to your nature and this will be evident in all that you undertake. You have a fine sense of justice, a deep feeling of loyalty and can be trusted to carry out your word. If you ever make a direct promise

Fond of having your own home and family, you are not one to seek social pleasures outside of the home circle. Your emotions are deep and your marriage should be an exceptionally happy and contented one.

Among those born on this date were: Eamon de Valera, President of Ireland; William Penn, colonial governor; Lillian Gish, actress; Katherine Mansfield, author; Paul Muni and James O'Neill, actors; Daniel Huntington, artist; Francis Lee, Virginia statesman; and Dwight D. Eisenhower, U.S. President.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—CANCER (June 23-July 22)—Follow your intuitions today. This should be a busy day. There should be good bargains in the shops and those in merchandising will really make profits.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—A new, creative idea may not be on the road to an exciting, new success. Make the most of today's good aspects.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Morning hours are the best for making new contacts, for when afternoon comes you may have obstacles to overcome.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A fine day for your business affairs, so advance successfully in accordance with previously-made plans.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—The work-week begins with a tendency toward high-pressure activity. If you have rested over the week-end, you are equal to it.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Business matters are of urgent importance. You may be guided by your intuitive decisions on the matter.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—You must take an affirmative, positive attitude toward things which should be yours.

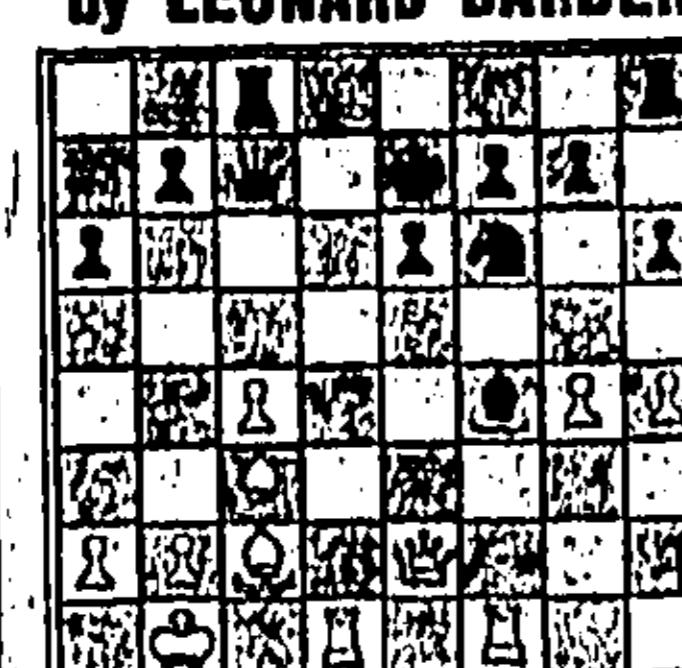
ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Be sure that you know what you want and how to go about it. Then go ahead and make progress toward your goal.

Taurus (April 21-May 21)—If you ask for an increase in salary on the job today, chances of getting it are better than ever.

GEMINI (May 22-June 22)—There are prospects for advancement in progress, so grasp opportunity by the forelock and act.

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEEN

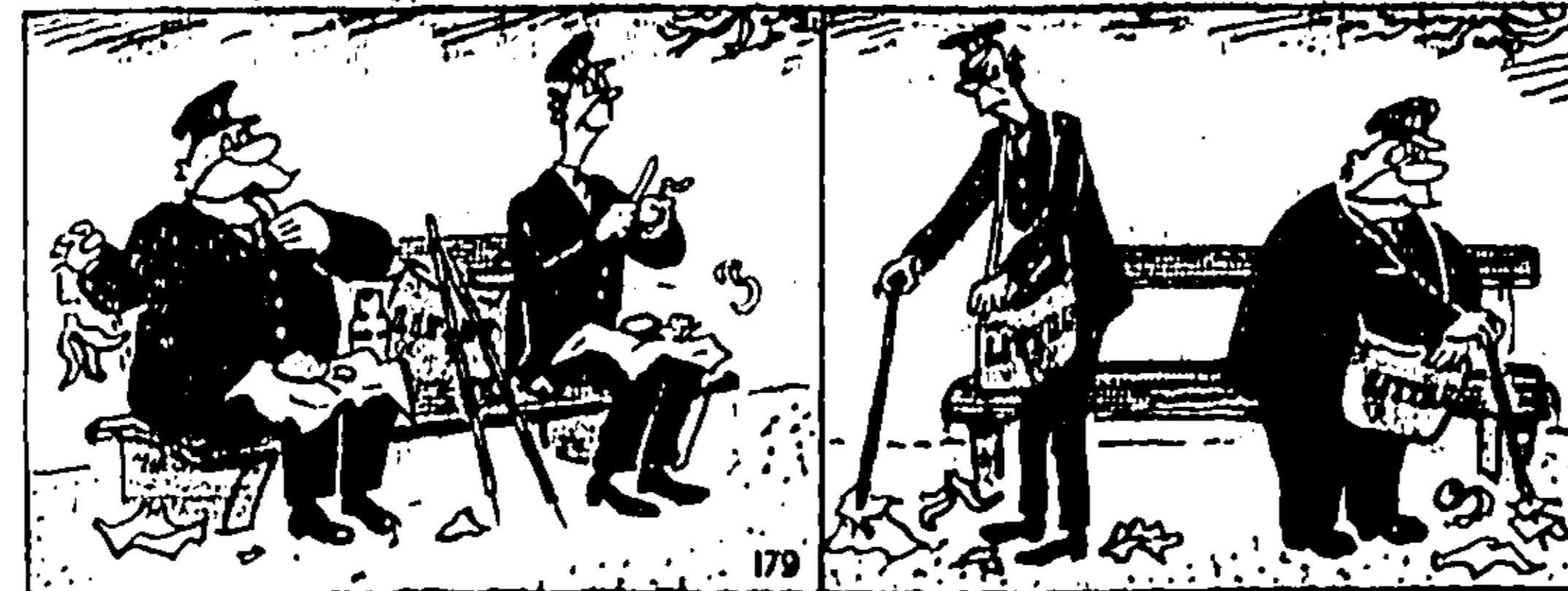


From actual play: White to move and win

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1 KxK—K4—surprising!

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

TO HUFF THE English

OR NOT? Draughts Association. It is still unable to make up its mind about the "huff". Don't laugh. The majority favour Two days' debate over spirit on it, and now a postal bullet is to be taken of all the Association's members.

The predominant view seems to be that "to huff" is un-sportsmanlike. For "to huff," it seems, is to exercise your legal option at draughts to take your opponent's piece if he fails to move it quickly when he has the opportunity.

Many eminent players testified that, in fact, they had never "huffed" in all their lives—though it was hinted darkly that some American players did "huff."

The tendency, then, is to favour the abolition of the rule permitting "huffing."

But here is where the issue becomes complicated.

For the rules also state that anyone who "makes a false or impulsive move" shall immediately forfeit the game to his opponent. Now, in draughts, to fail to take your opponent's piece is an impulsive move. It does not involve forfeiting the game only because the "huffing" rule gives the opponent a mild form of redress.

If the "huffing" rule were withdrawn, however, it would follow in the view of some members, that the man who missed an opportunity to take his opponent's piece must forfeit the whole game.

And surely that could be far more serious than being "huffed?"

There the matter rests until the members decide by post. It will be a year before the result is known. Draughts players are deep thinkers and this is a deep matter.

QUIET IN A TEACUP The Civil Service Commission is once again worried. Through the young British are fighting for of the Civil Service. So few, in fact, are coming forward that only three-fifths of the vacancies in the administrative class (the top grade) of the Civil Service are being filled.

DARTWORDS START HERE

THE starting point of today's Dartwords is MAGIS-TRATE and the last one-letter word is MAN. Can you find the way from one to the other by rearranging the letters of each word in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules?

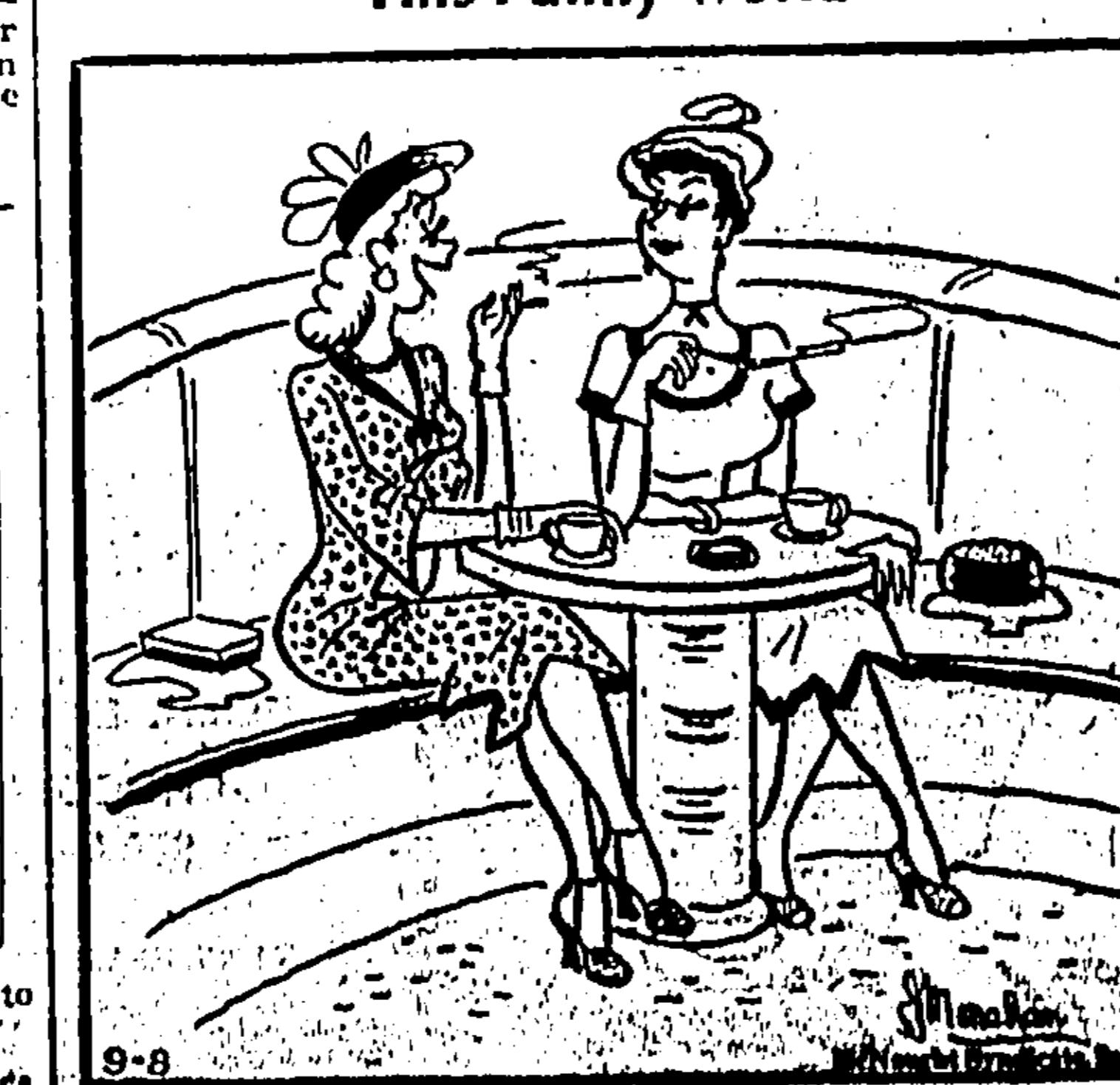
Rules.—1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it. 2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it. 3. It may be found by adding one letter, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in, the preceding word. 4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, metaphor, or association of ideas.

5. It may form with the preceding word a name of well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction. 6. It may be associated with

the preceding word in a title or in the action book, play, or other composition.

A typical succession of words might be: Link Link Missing Link Case Book Book Rock Tree Base Onion.

This Funny World



From actual play: White to move and win

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1 KxK—K4—surprising!

• JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Two Swindles Save Declarer

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH executed two swindles in the play of today's hand. The first should have worked, but failed; and the opposite was true of his second swindle. Justice sometimes works in mysterious ways.

West opened the king of diamonds and South dropped the nine of diamonds in the attempt to persuade West to continue the suit. West snuffed out the three and declarer of diamonds were missing and that his partner might well be signalling with the six of diamonds for a continuation of the suit. After some thought, however, West decided that the diamonds could wait, and he therefore shifted to the queen of clubs.

South executed his second swindle by playing low clubs from both hands on this trick! Since East followed suit with the

NORTH	14		
♦ Q 4 3			
♦ Q J 10			
♦ B 5 4			
♦ K 7 2			
WEST	13		
♦ B 2			
♦ B 6 3			
♦ A K J			
♦ Q J 10 3			
EAST	13		
♦ A			
♦ A 9 7 4 2			
♦ 10 7 6			
♦ 0 8 5 4			
SOUTH (D)	13		
♦ A K J 10 7 5			
♦ K			
♦ Q 3 2			
♦ A 6			
North-South vul.			
South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♦ K			

lowest possible club, West should have seen that something was amiss. West continued, however, with the Jack of clubs, and South breathed freely again.

Declarer won the second club with the ace, drew trumps with the ace and dummy's nine, and cashed the king of clubs in order to discard the queen of hearts.

Declarer then led the queen of hearts to ruff out East's ace.

After this series of plays it was easy to get to dummy with the queen of spades in order to discard two diamonds on the jack and ten of hearts. South thus managed to hold the loss down to one club and two diamonds.

If South had played the hand normally, East would have won a heart trick and would have returned a diamond. The defenders would have defeated the contract by taking a heart and three diamonds.

Nothing to do with me

A CHRD Sense

AN analysis of the new bidding has been:

North East South West

1 Club Pass 1 Heart Pass

1 Spade Pass

You, South, hold:

♦ AQJ 4 ♦ K J 6 3 2 ♦ A 5 ♦ 6 2

What do you do?

—Bid three spades. You have 11 points in high cards, two doubletons, and fine trump support opposite an opening bid. This should be enough for game.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:

♦ K Q J 4 ♦ K J 6 3 2 ♦ A 5 ♦ 6 2

What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CROSSWORD

1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10		
11					
12		13	14		
15					
20	21	22			
23		24			
25					
26		27			

Across:

1. They often win on a long shot. (6)

2. This is the saint. (6)

3. This is the country fair with this. (6)

4. Master Blue. (6, 6)

5. Tough one is sometimes all you. (6)

